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POEMS *of* WORTH

With a

PROSE SUPPLEMENT
ADAPTED FOR USE
IN THE STUDY OF
ORAL ENGLISH IN
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOLS, JUNIOR
HIGH SCHOOLS, AND
HIGH SCHOOLS.



Compiled Especially for Use
in the Warren City Schools

By

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OF THE WARREN CITY SCHOOLS

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To the pupils of the Warren City Schools, and other institutions of learning, who by the cultivation of speech and the art of Oral Expression become fitted to organize their thoughts and to express themselves by voice and action.

To teachers seeking material of worth for literary interpretation, and entertainment.

To readers desiring to present to the public the most wholesome poetry of the present time.

This volume is hereby dedicated by the author.

Note

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Table of Contents

	Page
Oral Expression.....	1
Breathing Exercises.....	3
Vocal Energy.....	3
Oratorical Selections.....	4
Pronunciation.....	8
Articulation.....	8
Oral Reproduction.....	10
Current Events.....	11
Oral Composition.....	12
Description.....	12
Narration.....	13
Exposition.....	16
Original Stories.....	17
Improving the Vocabulary.....	17
Argumentation.....	18
Debate.....	18
Pantomime.....	21
Extemporaneous Talks.....	21
Extemporaneous Plays.....	22

Poems for Oral English in Junior High Schools and High Schools

Hamlet's Soliloquy	<i>William Shakespeare</i>	23
Seven Ages of Man.....	<i>William Shakespeare</i>	24
Reputation	<i>William Shakespeare</i>	24
Mercy	<i>William Shakespeare</i>	25
Man	<i>William Shakespeare</i>	25
Mother O' Mine.....	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	25
Mandalay	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	26
When Earth's Last Picture.....	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	30
If	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	30
Verses of Friendship and Faith.....	<i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	31
The Builders	<i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	32
America for Me.....	<i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	33
Solitude	<i>Ella Wheeler Wilcox</i>	34
My Ships	<i>Ella Wheeler Wilcox</i>	35
Smile	<i>Arthur Chamberlain</i>	35
Thanatopsis.....	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	36
The Flower of Mending.....	<i>Vachel Lindsay</i>	36
Trees	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i>	37
Roofs	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i>	37
The House with Nobody in It.....	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i>	38
Afterglow	<i>Angela Morgan</i>	39
Ring Out Wild Bells.....	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	40
The Bugle Song.....	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	41
Crossing the Bar.....	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	41
Nobility	<i>Alice Cary</i>	42
November	<i>Alice Cary</i>	43
The Poet and His Song.....	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i>	44
In Flanders Fields.....	<i>R. W. Lillard</i>	45
Answer of America.....	<i>Edgar Allen Poe</i>	45

Poems of Worth

	Page
Lochinvar.....	47
O Captain! My Captain!.....	48
The First Snowfall.....	49
Barbara Frietchie.....	50
The Barefoot Boy.....	52
Opportunity.....	54
The Blue and the Gray.....	55
Daybreak.....	56
Hiawatha's Wooing.....	57
Christmas Bells.....	62
The Village Blacksmith.....	63
The Day is Done.....	64
The Necklace of Pearls.....	65
The Arrow and the Song.....	66
Song.....	66
A Man's a Man for A' That.....	67
Breathes There a Man With Soul So Dead.....	68
Star Spangled Banner.....	68
Independence Bell.....	69
How did you Die.....	71
Somebody's Mother.....	72
Apple Blossoms.....	73
The Landing of the Pilgrims.....	74
Columbus.....	75
A Leap for Life.....	76
Abou Ben Adhem.....	77
Mrs. Lofty and I.....	77
Your Flag and My Flag.....	78
Little Boy Blue.....	79
Jim Bludsoe.....	80
The Daffodils.....	81
Aux Italiens.....	82

Sacred Selections

The Wild White Rose.....	86
My Master.....	87
The Night Cometh.....	88
The Water Mill.....	89
The Inn that Missed It's Chance.....	91
The House by the Side of the Road.....	92
In My Father's House.....	93

Poems for Entertainment

What the Choir Sang About the New Bonnet..	95
Money Musk.....	96
An Old Sweetheart of Mine.....	98
Be the Fellow That Your Mother Thinks You Are.....	99
Just for a Girl.....	100
Swinging in the Grape-vine Swing.....	100
The Fool and the Little Court Lady.....	101
Bill Mason's Bride.....	102

Poems of Worth

	Page
Counting Daisy Petals.....	<i>Lytton Cox</i> 103
Marjery Gray.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 105
Hullo.....	<i>Sam Walter Foss</i> 109
Home.....	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i> 110
Hum Um Not Me.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 111
Tit for Tat.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 112
Highwayman.....	<i>Alfred Noyes</i> 113
Mon Pierre.....	<i>Wallace Bruce Amsbary</i> 116
The Habitant.....	<i>William Henry Drummond</i> 120
The Tin Gee-Gee.....	<i>Fred Cape</i> 123
De Cirque at Old Ste. Anne.....	<i>Wallace B. Amsbary</i> 125
De Captaine of De Marguerite.....	<i>Wallace B. Amsbary</i> 126
The Ould Plaid Shawl.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 130
He Wasn't In It.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 131
Kentucky Philosophy.....	<i>Harrison Robertson</i> 131
The Smack in School.....	<i>W. P. Palmer</i> 133
In the Usual Way.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 134
Signs of the Times.....	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i> 135
In the Morning.....	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i> 136
Little Brown Baby.....	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i> 137
The Old Front Gate.....	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i> 138
Encouragement.....	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i> 139
Da Farmer.....	<i>T. A. Daly</i> 140
All's Well That Ends Well.....	<i>T. A. Daly</i> 141
Mia Carlotta.....	<i>T. A. Daly</i> 142
Between Two Lovers.....	<i>T. A. Daly</i> 142
The Lonely Honeymoon.....	<i>T. A. Daly</i> 143
The Harbinger.....	<i>T. A. Daly</i> 145
Alla for Rosa.....	<i>T. A. Daly</i> 145
Wishes.....	<i>T. A. Daly</i> 146
The New Patriot.....	<i>T. A. Daly</i> 147
Tillie Olson.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 147
An "If" for Girls.....	<i>Eli^oabeth L. Otis</i> 148
Billy He's in Trouble.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 148
The Turkey's Dream.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 149
Her Folks and Hiz'n.....	<i>Ben King</i> 150
If I Can Be by Her.....	<i>Ben King</i> 151
The Pessimist.....	<i>Ben King</i> 152
If I Should Die To-night.....	<i>Ben King</i> 153
Sittin' by the Fire.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 153
Me an' Pap an' Mother.....	<i>Strickland W. Gillian</i> 154
Finnigin to Flannigan.....	<i>Strickland W. Gillian</i> 155
The Family Group.....	<i>Strickland W. Gillian</i> 156
The Hired Man Says.....	<i>John D. Wells</i> 158
Mrs. Malone and the Censor.....	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i> 158
The Jersey Cow.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 159

Poems for Oral Expression Department in Elementary Schools

The Wind.....	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 160
Foreign Children.....	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 161
The Cow.....	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 161
My Shadow.....	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 162
The Weaving of the Flag.....	<i>Lutton Cox</i> 162

Poems of Worth

	Page
One Two Three	<i>H. C. Bunner</i> 163
Suppose	<i>Phoebe Cary</i> 164
The Sandman	<i>Margaret Vandergrift</i> 165
Shopping for Sleep	<i>Anonymous</i> 166
Hurrah for the Flag	<i>Anonymous</i> 167
The Spider and the Fly	<i>Mary Howitt</i> 167
The Children's Hour	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 169
Hiawatha's Childhood	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 170
The Owl and the Pussy Cat	<i>Edward Lear</i> 172
The Flag Goes By	<i>Henry Holcomb Bennett</i> 173
The Duel	<i>Eugene Field</i> 174
The Night Wind	<i>Eugene Field</i> 175
The Sugar Plum Tree	<i>Eugene Field</i> 176
Wynken Blynken and Nod	<i>Eugene Field</i> 177
The Raggedy Man	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> 178
Our Hired Girl	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> 179
Little Orphant Annie	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> 180
Only One Mother	<i>George Cooper</i> 181
They Didn't Think	<i>Phoebe Cary</i> 181
Raining	<i>Robert Loveman</i> 183

Poems for Fall and Winter

Autumn Leaves	<i>George Cooper</i> 184
How the Leaves Came Down	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 184
Time Enough	<i>Anonymous</i> 185
September	<i>Helen Hunt Jackson</i> 186
October's Bright Blue Weather	<i>Helen Hunt Jackson</i> 187
October's Party	<i>Anonymous</i> 188
Three Little Chestnuts	<i>Anonymous</i> 189
Little Snowflakes	<i>Anonymous</i> 189
The Frost	<i>Hannah F. Gould</i> 190
The Little Kittens	<i>Anonymous</i> 191
The Wonderful Weaver	<i>George Cooper</i> 192

Poems for Christmas

Hang Up the Baby's Stocking	<i>Anonymous</i> 193
Christmas	<i>Nahun Tate</i> 194
A Visit from St. Nicholas	<i>Clement C. Moore</i> 194
O Little Town of Bethlehem	<i>Philipps Brooks</i> 196
While Shepherds Watch Their Flocks By Night	<i>Margaret Deland</i> 197
Christmas Song	<i>Lydia A. C. Ward</i> 198

Poems for Spring

A Spring Song	<i>Anonymous</i> 199
A Laughing Chorus	<i>Anonymous</i> 199
Cock Robin and Jenny Wren	<i>Anonymous</i> 200
The Burial of Poor Cock Robin	<i>Anonymous</i> 203
The Bluebird	<i>Emily H. Miller</i> 205
Who Stole the Bird's Nest	<i>Lydia M. Childs</i> 205
Pussy Willow	<i>Anonymous</i> 207
The Year's at the Spring	<i>Robert Browning</i> 208

Poems of Worth

	Page
Wishes and Work.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 208
A Quarrel in the Oven.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 208
Lily's Ball.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 209
Spring Song.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 210
Robert of Lincoln.....	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 211
The Chicken's Mistake.....	<i>Phoebe Gary</i> 212
Four Little Clouds.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 213
The First Snowdrop.....	<i>Julia M. Dana</i> 214
The Heart of a Seed.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 214
At Easter Time.....	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> 215
Three Little Trees.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 216
Come Away Comrades.....	<i>Olive F. Smith</i> 216
An Arbor Day Tree.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 216
Planting the Tree.....	<i>Grace L. Driver</i> 217
The Fairies Tea Party.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 217
Washington's Birthday.....	<i>Margaret Sangster</i> 218

Poems for Entertainment

Mammy's Pickaninny.....	<i>Lucy Dean Jenkins</i> 220
Sister's Best Fellow.....	<i>Joe Lincoln</i> 221
His New Brother.....	<i>Joe Lincoln</i> 222
The Minuet.....	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i> 223
Candle-lightin' Time.....	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i> 224
When We Haven't Said Our Prayers.....	<i>Paul Bliss</i> 225
The Patchwork Quilt.....	<i>Natalia Whitted Price</i> 226
Jane Jones.....	<i>Ben King</i> 227
The Doll's Wooing.....	<i>Eugene Field</i> 228
Seein' Things.....	<i>Eugene Fields</i> 229
Jest 'Fore Christmas.....	<i>Eugene Fields</i> 230
A Christmas Kid.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 231
The Dead Doll.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 232
Dolly's Complaint.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 234
The Janitor's Child.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 235
The Boyless Town.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 236
Naughty Zell.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 237
A Boy's Conclusion.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 238
Cookin' Things.....	<i>Burges Johnson</i> 239
Was You Ever Spanked.....	<i>Burges Johnson</i> 240
At the Zoo.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 240
My Sore Thumb.....	<i>Burges Johnson</i> 241
If I Was Er Horse.....	<i>Burges Johnson</i> 241
Grandma Pays the Bill.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 242
Growing Indignity.....	<i>Wilbur D. Nesbit</i> 243
The Lost Baby.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 244
When the Minister Comes to Tea.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 245
Wiggly Waggly Polliwog.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 246
Ma and the Auto.....	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i> 247
Practising Time.....	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i> 248
Caster Oil.....	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i> 249
A Fellar's Hat.....	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i> 249
Bud Discusses Cleanliness.....	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i> 250
The Fidgets.....	<i>Strickland W. Gilliland</i> 251
The Crooked Window Pane.....	<i>Strickland W. Gilliland</i> 252
The Scapegoat.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 253

Poems of Worth

	Page
The Moo-Cow-Moo.....	<i>Edmund Vance Cooke</i> 253
On the Judgment Day.....	<i>Edmund Vance Cooke</i> 254
Somebody Did.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 255
Pillar Fights.....	<i>D. A. Ellsworth</i> 256
A Besetting Sin.....	<i>Edmund Vance Cooke</i> 257
Daisy's Faith.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 259
Little Joe's Flower.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 260

Oral Expression

Oral Expression is the science and art of expression by voice, speech and action. As a science it treats of the elements, or principles, underlying all expression, as an art it embodies the correct use of these principles.

Skill in the use of the principles of expression is an accomplishment in ordinary conversation. A refined and correct pronunciation of words is one of the foundation stones upon which all excellence in Oral Expression must be built—however, much we may deride the mechanics of speech, we are forced to acknowledge their importance—in studying phonation two things are important.

First: Simplicity and clearance of statement. Second: A keen sense of sound.

It is the purpose of vocal culture to develop that which is good in the voice, correct its imperfection, and acquire skill in its use.

The chief attributes of a good voice, are Purity, Strength, and Flexibility. Purity of tone requires free vibration of the vocal cords, healthfulness of the resonant cavities, and the vocalization of all breath used. Strength depends upon the breadth of vibrations and the power to project and sustain tones. Flexibility is dependent upon the elasticity of the vocal cords and the power to vary tones through the scale of pitch.

The voice as an instrument consists of organs and muscles.

The vocal organs are the Lungs, the Trachea, and Bronchi, the Larynx, the Pharynx, the Nasal Cavities and the Mouth.

The chief muscles used in voice production are the Diaphragm, the Abdominal Muscles and the Rib Muscles.

The Law of correct breathing for voice production is as follows:

In Respiration there should be an increase in the size of the waist and lower part of the chest, in Expiration a decrease.

The first step in securing Vocal Energy is the mastery of physical exercises that help develop the muscles of the diaphragm, the abdomen, the chest, the trunk, the thorax, and the throat.

BREATHING EXERCISES

For the Lungs:

(1) Fully inflate the lungs, retain the breath, strike the chest gently five times with open palms, and then exhale the breath quickly in the whispered sound of HA!

(2) Place hands on the hips, inhale and sustain the breath while bending the body to the right four times, to the left four times and then alternately four times.

For the Vocal Cords:

Inhale, then exhale slowly with the sharpest possible whisper of HA.

For the Pharynx and Nasal Cavities.

Inhale and exhale slowly through the nostrils with an aspirate sound.

For the Abdominal Muscles.

Use the muscles in panting like a dog, closing by one quick expulsion of breath. Let the throat muscles be free, whisper the following—Rush on to Victory, Save the Day.

For the Diaphragm.

Draw in the breath with vigor through a small opening of the lips, exhale with equal vigor, with lips compressed.

For the Rib Muscles:

Inhale and distend ribs as far as possible—then contract them in expiration.

SHORT DAILY DRILLS FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF VOCAL ENERGY

Two minutes in deep breathing.

Two minutes in deep reading.

Two minutes in shouting.

Two minutes in oratorical speaking.

The First Step, Deep Breathing.

The object is to get into the habit of filling all the cells of the lungs with air; inhale slowly for twenty or

thirty seconds; exhale for the same length of time. If thirty seconds of time are used, it will be quite a sure test that the lungs are being well filled.

The Second Step; Deep Reading.

The object is to secure fullness of voice by resonance in the large cavity of the chest.

Example for practice.

From Childe Harold by Lord Byron.

Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control

Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,

When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The Third Step; Shouting.

The object of this step is to secure the maximum of power in vibration and resonance.

Example for practice.

(From "The Building of the Ship.")

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!

Sail on, O Union strong and great!

Humanity with all its fears,

With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,

What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,

Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,

What anvils rang, what hammers beat,

In what a forge and what a heat,

Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,

'Tis of the wave and not the rock;

'Tis but the flapping of the sail,

And not a rent made by the gale!

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,

In spite of false lights on the shore,

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,

Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,

Are all with thee—are all with thee!

Poems of Worth

The Fourth Step; Oratorical Speaking.

The object of this step is to prepare the student for the exacting demands of public speaking.

Examples for practice.

DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave their last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

NOLAN'S SPEECH

(Extract from "The Man Without a Country")

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

For your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream, but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand terrors. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to deal with, behind officers, and government,—that you belong to Her as you belong to your mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother.

THE NATIONAL FLAG

HENRY WARD BEECHER

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself. When the French tri-color rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see unified Italy. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy.

This nation has a banner, too; and wherever this flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazony no ramping lion and no fierce eagle, no embattled castles or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of dawn. It means liberty; and the galley slave, the poor, oppressed conscript, the trodden-down creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag the very promise of God.

If one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him: It means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant. It means the whole glorious Revolutionary War. It means all that the Declaration of Independence meant. It means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: divine right of liberty in man. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty—not lawlessness, not license, but organized, institutional liberty—liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

This American flag was the safeguard of liberty. Not an atom of crown was allowed to go into its insignia. Not a symbol of authority in the ruler was permitted to go into it. It was an ordinance of liberty by the people for the people. That it meant, that it means, and, by the blessing of God, that, it shall mean to the end of time!

Under this banner rode Washington and his armies. Before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day and his treachery was

driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven out from around New York, and in their painful pilgrimages through New Jersey. This banner streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and at Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton, and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation.

Our states grew up under it. And when our ships began to swarm upon the ocean to carry forth our commerce, and Great Britain arrogantly demanded the right to intrude her search warrants upon American decks, then up went the lightning flag, and every star meant liberty and every stripe streamed defiance. The gallant fleet of Lake Erie—have you forgotten it? The thunders that echoed to either shore were overshadowed by this broad ensign of our American liberty. Those glorious men that went forth in the old ship *Constitution* carried this banner to battle and to victory. The old ship is alive yet. Bless the name, bless the ship, bless her historic memory, and bless the old flag that waves over her yet!

How glorious, then, has been its origin! How glorious has been its history! How divine is its meaning! Accept it in all its fullness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the *Constitution*. It is the government; and for the sake of its ideas rather than its mere emblazonry, be true to your country's flag.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

CHARLES SPRAGUE

Not many generations ago, where you now sit encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of being. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all

were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written His laws for them on tables of stone, but He had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld Him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from His mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untried pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, flowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious sources he bent in humble though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors. The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone, and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let

Poems of Worth

these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

PRONUNCIATION

Pronunciation is the utterance in a single impulse of the elements that constitute a word.

The pronunciation of words is established by the usage of people of intellect. The dictionary is a record of that usage and should be followed by students.

In the application of the phonetic sounds in pronunciation there are four requirements:

(1) Correct quality of vowel sound; (2) Clear articulation; (3) Correct syllabication; (4) Proper accent.

Quality of vowel sound is the shading given to the vowels in different positions of the articulating organs.

The following table is a simple form by which the vowels may be presented:

TABLE OF VOWEL SOUNDS

SIMPLE			DIPHTHONGAL		
1	a as in all	7	ē as in term	13	ā as in ale = ā + ē
2	{ ā as in arm	8	ī as in pin	14	ī as in ice = ā + ē
	{ ā as in ask	9	{ ō as in ooze	15	ō as in old = ō + ōō
3	ā as in at		{ ō as in look	16	oi as in oil = a + ē
4	ā as in care	10	ō as in ox	17	ou as in our = ā + ōō
5	ē as in eve	11	ū as in up	18	ū as in use = i + ōō
6	ē as in met	12	û as in urge		or y + oo

LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

all	ālms	ask	bāt	fāir
daughter	āunt	clāss	lārnyx	shāre
wharf	ālmond	āfter	pālmistry	āir
vault	Nevāda	grāss	pāramount	gārnish
dawn	hālf	fāst	jāasper	thēre
drēary	mēasure	ēarn	bīd	
nēar	hēdge	dīrge	rhŷthm	
glēam	bēck	kēnel	lŷrical	
quēry	lēss	gīrd	dīsh	
lénient	wēst	mŷrrh	mīrror	
bōde	oi = a + ē	ou = ā + ōō	dūke	
bōard	poise	bough	blūe	
cōurt	buoy	drowsy	tūne	
Dōra	oyster	vouch	nēw	
trōw	choice	sour	dēw	

ARTICULATION

Articulation is the linking together of the elements of a word. This term is used chiefly with reference to the execution of consonants.

Distinct pronunciation depends on the nimble use of the organs of articulation, namely the tongue, the teeth, the lips, and the palate.

Sound is made in the glottis and when it reaches the

Poems of Worth

mouth, the tongue, teeth and lips form it into syllables and words.

Correct pronunciation of the vowel sounds secures elegance and refinement in speech but distinctness in speech depends upon the articulation of the consonants.

Therefore the First Step in the practice is the mastery of the consonantal elements.

Following is a table for that use:

TABLE OF CONSONANT SOUNDS

<i>Teeth, Tongue and Palate.</i>	<i>Tongue and Palate.</i>	<i>Teeth and Tongue.</i>	<i>Lips and Teeth.</i>	<i>Lips.</i>
r as in rap	ch as in church	th as in thin	f as in file	b as in babe
r " " war	d " " did	th " " thine	v " " valve	m " " maim
s " " cerse	g " " gag			p " " pipe
sh " " push	j " " judge			w " " woe
y " " yet	d " " cake			wh " " when
z " " zone	l " " lull			
z " " azure	n " " nun			
	ng " " song			
	t " " tent			

The Second Step is the mastery of final combinations. It is the final consonants that we fail to articulate.

The method of practice is as follows:

Take for example, the final combination lk.

- (1) Articulate the l, then the k.
- (2) Articulate the combination lk.
- (3) Pronounce the word milk.

Articulate the following words in the same way:

ld—bold, cold; lk—silk, bulk; lp—help, scalp; nd—band, land; lf—elf, gulf; lm—helm, film; ls—calls, halls; nk—crank, link.

The Third Step is the pronunciation of words of many syllables.

The object of this step is to distribute the articulative energy.

Method of practice, pronounce each of the following words four times in success with force:

Absolutely, angularly, accurately, agitated, accessory, etc.

The Fourth Step is the mastery of difficult combinations in sentences. Learn to say the following sentences, increasing the rate of speed:

Bring a bit of buttered brown bran bread.

Eight gray geese in a green field grazing.

Six thick thistle sticks.

Lucy likes light literature.

A big, black bug bit a big, black bear.

The Fifth Step is reading.

Newspaper articles in the form of current events, essays, biographical sketches should be read aloud.

Syllabication is the process of dividing words into syllables.

A syllable is an element or combination of elements uttered with a single impulse of the voice and constituting a word or part of a word.

A syllable may contain one sound or as many as seven.

In pronunciation there must be a separate syllable for each vowel or diphthong.

ACCENTUATION

Accent is the special weight put upon one syllable of a word to distinguish it from the rest. Accent is to a word what emphasis is to a phrase. A strong accent is one of the chief features of the English language.

Variation of accent in English serves to distinguish parts of speech, as between a noun and a verb, an adjective, and an adverb, a noun and an adjective.

ORAL REPRODUCTION

The importance of Oral Reproduction can hardly be overestimated.

The ability to think and to speak when standing before an audience is one of the most valuable accomplishments that a young person can have. We are judged by what we say; if we cannot express ourselves our knowledge is of no value to us in a commercial sense. In commercial, industrial, civic, social, religious, and educational life there has grown up a remarkable demand for effective speaking. Today the schools must prepare for actual life, for, whether our graduates wish it or not, they will be looked up to as leaders in the democracy of social and civic activity. They must therefore be taught to express themselves well. The time for a boy or girl to learn to express their thoughts is while they are in school. If they do not learn to speak easily and fluently then they are not likely to learn to do so after leaving school.

One of the simplest forms of Oral Reproduction is Story Telling. Every pupil in the class should read one

Poems of Worth

of the following well known stories, and be prepared to tell it to the class in as interesting a way as possible:

The Great Stone Face—Hawthorne.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin—Browning.

The King of the Golden River—Ruskin.

King Robert of Sicily—Longfellow.

The Elephant's Child—Kipling.

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves—Arabian Nights.

In preparing to tell a story keep the following points in mind.

1. Position.

{	Erect,
	Not touching desk,
	Not twisting and turning,
	Hands not in pockets.
2. Looking at audience.
3. Tone.

{	Loud enough,
	Quality.
4. Enunciation.

{	Every word and syllable clear-cut,
	ing and -ed sounded.
5. English.

{	Grammatical errors,
	Choice of words,
	Repetition of and -er, etc.
6. Knowledge of subject.

There is one very simple test by which you can judge while you are speaking whether you are telling your story well or not. Are you holding the attention of the members of the class? If you find that you are not, try to find the reasons for your failure and to strengthen your weak points.

CURRENT EVENTS

In most schools considerable time is devoted to Current Events and this makes an excellent opportunity for Oral Recitation. It is impossible to give subjects that will be applicable at the time these lessons are studied but the teacher may assign a current subject and the pupils may be required to study it carefully. This will lead to discussion in class, the value of which can hardly be over-emphasized. Many people go through life without the skill or the courage to enter into general discussions, however great their interest in the subject being considered.

ORAL COMPOSITION

We spend a large part of our time outside of school in telling our friends about things that interest us or in listening to them as they tell us of their experiences. All these are forms of composition.

The word composition means putting together. We put words together to express our thoughts. Composition is the expression of thoughts in Oral or Written English.

Good Topics for Oral Composition :

Something that the pupil did during his vacation that especially interested him, as a picnic, or a trip.

Something that he saw, as a game, a parade, a fire, a runaway, or an accident.

Be sure that the pupil is familiar with the incidents.

An outline may be arranged as follows:

An Introduction.

The Events in Order.

The Conclusion.

In the introduction he should tell what he is going to talk about, describe circumstances, the persons who took a part.

For the body of the talk, bring out the most interesting incidents.

For the conclusion sum up the result.

DESCRIPTION

Perhaps the best definition of description is this: A description is a word picture. The purpose of description is to make the class see what the speaker sees or feels. He may have visited the National Capitol during his vacation—perhaps he may choose to tell the class about the White House, so that they could see it in their imagination.

Generally the most essential and characteristic points are mentioned first, the lesser details are left in the background. The skill of the speaker is shown by his ability so to guide the imagination of the class that the picture develops in the mind as a picture on a canvas.

A description should be arranged according to a definite order. When we see a building that is new to us, at first we get a general impression as of massiveness or great height. Then we notice details. The details should be described in the order in which we should see them, beginning at any given point. In describing a building

we begin at the top or the bottom and mention details in order.

Let the first lesson in description be a description of a building. As the court house, a store, a school building or a church.

The second a description of a person. This must be accurate. Suppose that your house has been robbed and you are called upon to furnish a description of the thief, to be of any value it must be so accurate a policeman will recognize the man from your description. It is worth while to learn to see accurately and to describe accurately.

Select one of the following and be prepared to give a description. The most interesting person whom you know, an army officer, a private soldier, a baseball player, a street car conductor, a circus clown.

The description of a person may be confined wholly to his outward appearance, or it may describe characteristics only, or it may be a combination of the two.

Describe one of the following characters found in literature:

John Alden (from Courtship of Miles Standish)—Longfellow.

Portia (from Merchant of Venice)—Shakespeare.

Aladdin (from Arabian Nights).

George Washington (from Life of Washington)—Edward Everett.

The third lesson may be a description of a storm.

Describe the worst storm that you can remember. Make your description as vivid as possible.

The fourth, a description of a bit of scenery in or near your city or town. Make it as beautiful as possible.

The fifth a description of interiors, be prepared to describe, a room in your school building, the interior of a store, a church, a drug store, an engine room, the waiting room at a doctor's office, a theatre, the manual training room, and the domestic science room.

NARRATION .

A narrative is an orderly account of an event or a series of events. The purpose of narration is to give an account of events that have occurred or that might occur, so clearly that the listener will understand the things that happened as well as if he had seen them for himself.

A narrative is usually told to give information to the hearer. In order that he may understand the narrative clearly, it is often necessary to describe the place, the circumstances, and the characters that are introduced; and for this reason description usually forms a part of a narrative.

In almost every narrative there is some point at which the interest is greatest, and at which the real end is reached. This point is called the climax. In general the climax should be near the end of the narrative.

In telling a narrative care should be taken to preserve unity.

Another point to keep in mind is coherence. In general, unity and coherence can best be secured by following the order in which the events occurred, or the time order.

A third point is not to change the tense of the verbs. This means that you should not begin a narrative in the present tense and then change to the past, or vice versa.

A narrative may be divided into three parts:

(1) The introduction, in which the time, the place, and the conditions are so explained that the hearer may readily understand the account that follows.

(2) The narration of the events.

(3) The conclusion, which gives the results of the events.

Let the first lesson in narration be a real or an imaginary trip to Niagara Falls, or some other place of interest, and the following outline may be used:

Introduction	{	Starting point. Embarking and starting.
The Voyage	{	Course. Weather. Places sighted and visited. Interesting events.
Conclusion	{	Arrival at Falls. Description of Falls. The return.

LESSON 2. Clearness.

In addition to unity and coherence and correct English, other qualities are essential in a narrative. One of these is Clearness. This means that the narrative should

be so told that the hearer can follow it easily and understand it readily.

Tell a narrative simply and clearly, choosing one of the following subjects:

Answering an advertisement; Learning to drive a car; The first time I went to a circus; A narrow escape; A day in the country; Lost on a drive.

LESSON 3. Movement.

Another essential quality in an interesting narration is movement.

Movement in narration means that one event follows another in rapid succession.

The following subjects are suggestive:

A game in which you took part; Finding a pocket-book; A dream; The travels of a dime; A lost package.

LESSON 4. Vividness.

Vividness is another desirable feature in a narrative. It is difficult to explain how this result can be obtained. It is largely due to the spirit of the narrator—the expression, the voice, and the gestures of the speaker aid in conveying the interest to the listener.

Select one of the following subjects and make the narrative as vivid as possible:

A frightened horse; An automobile accident; A tennis match; An experience with a snake; A ride in an aeroplane; An auto that would not go.

LESSON 5. Humorous Narratives.

The ability to tell a humorous story well is a valuable accomplishment. To a great extent this ability is a gift, but those who do not have the gift may cultivate it with practice.

Select one of the following stories and be prepared to tell it to the class.

How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed the Fence—Mark Twain.

Uncle Remus Stories—Joel C. Harris.

Sam Weller's Valentine, from *Pickwick Papers*—Dickens (Chapter 5).

LESSON 6. Historical Narratives.

Historical subjects often furnish material for narratives.

Read one of the following narratives and be prepared to tell it to the class.

Paul Revere's Ride—Henry W. Longfellow.
Barbara Frietchie—John Greenleaf Whittier.
Horatius at the Bridge—Macaulay.
The Boston Tea Party.
Columbus Discovering America.
The Death of Abraham Lincoln.

EXPOSITION

Exposition is a clear and orderly explanation. To be of value an explanation must be clear, definite, and accurate. In explaining how to do something or to make something that requires time for the process, the best way to secure clearness and definiteness in your explanation is to follow the order which corresponds to the development of the thing to be done or made.

LESSON 1. Explain one of the following subjects simply and clearly:

How to make a box; How to make a cake; How to make a blue-print; How to make an apron; How to prepare the ground for a garden; Explain the character of ground needed for growing rice; How to raise peanuts.

LESSON 2. Be prepared to explain one of the following subjects:

Why stamps are used on letters; Why tickets are sold by railroads; Why automobiles are licensed; Why it is necessary to have traffic policemen; How the firemen locate a fire.

LESSON 3. Practical Home Subjects.

Name and explain in a general way the common method of lighting and heating houses; Explain the advantages and disadvantages of each; Explain under what conditions each kind is used; Explain the "cold pack" method of canning fruits and vegetables and explain its advantages over other methods.

LESSON 4. Simple Science.

Make an outline and explain one of the following:

The life history of a frog; The life history of a butterfly; How pearls are formed; Value of forests in conserving moisture; The parts of a flower.

LESSON 5. All young people like to play games but it is not so easy to explain one so simply and clearly that a boy or girl who has never played the game can understand it readily.

Explain how to play tennis; croquet; baseball; football; golf.

LESSON 6. It is a great accomplishment to be able to direct a person clearly and accurately so that he can find his way to a certain place.

Direct a stranger who is in your schoolroom to one of the points named below :

To your post office; To your park; To a physician's office; To another school building; To the office of a coal dealer; To a railroad station.

ORIGINAL STORIES

A story is usually a combination of description, narration and sometimes explanation. Description is necessary because you need to know the surroundings. The account of the events that happen is narration. It is sometimes necessary to explain things connected with the story.

In nearly every story there is a definite plot that can be told in a few words.

LESSON 1. Select one of the following subjects for which you can imagine a good plot. Write the plot in the form of an outline, using your outline as a guide to tell a story.

The hidden treasure; On a train with no money; A strange adventure; A generous act; A discovery; A fortunate accident; A rescue in an auto.

IMPROVING THE VOCABULARY

Have pupils begin the preparation of a working list of words, the pronunciation of which troubles them. Let it be arranged alphabetically. At regular intervals have this list brought to class for pronunciation and discussion.

In discussing the desirability of fluency in speech and the aids in acquiring it, point out the difference between real fluency and mere speed. The latter is often mistaken for the former.

The amount of time to be given to the subjects of Slang and Errors in speech will depend upon the class. Go as slowly as is necessary, always driving home the fact that it is by our speech we are most often judged, and that we should admit no expressions by which we are unwilling to be judged.

ARGUMENTATION

Among yourselves you are always discussing questions that come up in connection with your school life. Suppose a change is made in your schedule, you have a very definite opinion as to whether it is advisable or not. Perhaps you discuss the matter with your school-mate, he thinks the change is a good one and you do not agree with him, you argue about it. He gives his reasons for thinking it is wise, and you give your reasons for thinking it is not. This is an argument.

In giving your arguments in favor of a subject, try to make definite points and state the points clearly. As an illustration, if you are to speak in favor of school fire drills, you may make your points like this. We should have school fire drills for the following reasons:

1. They protect the lives of the pupils.
2. They relieve the parents of worry.
3. They lessen the responsibility of the teacher.

Each point should be explained at length in a convincing way.

LESSON 1. Choose one of the following, consider it carefully and be prepared to give arguments in favor of it.

Written examinations; Free text books for pupils; Clean streets; A school athletic field; Good roads; Reading the daily papers.

LESSON 2. Choose one of the following subjects and be prepared to state arguments against it. Make an outline and bring it to class:

Reading novels; Sunday baseball; Killing birds; Sunday moving pictures; Written examinations; Leaving school to go to work.

LESSON 3. Choice of sides. Select one of the following and consider it carefully. Be prepared to state arguments on the affirmative or the negative side. Make an outline of your points.

People should give money to beggars; Home study; Offering prizes.

DEBATE

When arguments on both sides of a question are to be given, the subject is called a question for debate.

Those who speak in favor of a subject as it reads are

said to be on the Affirmative side of the question and those who speak against it are said to be on the Negative side.

Each pupil should try to make clear definite points and he should state these points distinctly.

The teacher should select a pupil to act as chairman and during the debate he should always be addressed as Mr. Chairman. At the opening of the debate the chairman arises and says.....The subject of the debate is..... The debaters today are Affirmative; and....., Negative. Each speaker is allowed five minutes and three minutes will be allowed for refutation; the speaker must stop when time is called.

The first speaker on the Affirmative is..... The first speaker comes forward and addresses the chair: "Mr. Chairman, honorable judges, worthy opponents, and friendly classmates, the question for debate is 'Resolved, that.....' We, the Affirmative, believe that it is and will endeavor to prove it to you."

After the first speaker has concluded his argument the Chairman announces: "The first speaker for the Negative is....." The Negative speaker comes forward and addresses the Chair the same way as the first speaker on the Affirmative; this order continues until all of the speakers on each side have spoken.

Each leader is allowed to speak twice, the Negative leader speaking first. The second time he tries to refute the arguments presented by his opponents and for this reason the second speech is called a refutation.

The refutation is for the purpose of answering the points made by the opponents and it is not expected that any new arguments will be presented in this part of the debate. Each speaker in closing his refutation may say something like this: "Since I have shown (repeating his original arguments) and since I have refuted the arguments that (giving arguments refuted) I maintain that it is (is not)....."

In preparing material for a debate a brief should be constructed and when given orally this brief may be used as notes.

A brief is an outline that contains all of the reasoning to be found in the finished argument. Divide the brief into three parts and mark them "Introduction," "Discussion" and "Conclusion."

RULES FOR THE INTRODUCTION.

Put into the introduction sufficient explanation for a complete understanding of the discussion. This explanation usually involves—

1. A definition of terms.
2. An explanation of the meaning of the question.
3. A statement of the issues.
4. Put into the introduction only statements admitted by both sides.

RULES FOR THE DISCUSSION.

1. Phrase each principal statement in the discussion so that it will read as a reason for the truth or falsity of the question.
2. Phrase each subordinate statement in the discussion so that it will read as a reason for the truth of the statement to which it is subordinate.
3. The connectives to be used are "as," "because," "for" and "since."
4. Make no unsupported statements unless they are generally admitted to be true.
5. After all evidence state in parenthesis the source from which it came.
6. Phrase refutation so that the argument to be answered is clearly stated.

RULES FOR THE CONCLUSION

1. Put into the conclusion a summary of the essential points established in the discussion. An argument should not have an abrupt or jerky ending.

A conclusion should contain no new proof.

A conclusion should not refer to a point that has not already been made.

A conclusion must reaffirm the question exactly as stated at the beginning.

Poems of Worth

Select one of the following, consider it carefully, be prepared to state arguments on the affirmative or the negative side.

Make an outline of your points.

Resolved, that country life is better than city life.

Resolved, that there should be no written examinations.

Resolved, that each town or city should provide free moving pictures for the school children.

Resolved, that it is for the interest of a city (town) to spend money for schools rather than good roads.

Resolved, that the ability to speak well in public will be of more value to a pupil after he leaves school than the ability to write correctly.

EXTEMPORANEOUS TALKS

The plan of an extemporaneous talk corresponds to the plot of a story or play.

All such talks should have an Introduction, a Main Discussion, and a Conclusion.

The object of an Introduction is to put the speaker on good terms with his audience and awaken interest in his theme or proposition.

Different kinds of talks naturally require more or less elaboration of the main Discussion, but it is best to arrange all facts and incidents in the order of their happening.

Every talk should be rounded out in the conclusion so that it does not stop short, and leave an unfinished impression.

Make an outline and be prepared to talk on one of the following subjects:

The life of Theodore Roosevelt.

The life of Frances Willard.

The Life of Florence Nightingale.

The History of the Steel Industry.

The Story of Electricity.

PANTOMIME

Any play in which the actors express their meaning by action without dialogue is called a pantomime, or pageant.

Allow the pupils to use their originality in this work.
Good suggestions for pantomimes are:

A school room scene; An orchestra; A choir; A music lesson; A Red Cross relief scene; A famous painting.

EXTEMPORANEOUS PLAYS

After the pupils have learned to act without words they can readily use their own words and make up simple plots in the form of extemporaneous plays. The timid student will often forget himself in the excitement of such a play when every other means has failed to accomplish this.

Good suggestions for simple plots are:

Scenes in a union depot; Scenes in a department store; Scenes in a school-room; scenes in an employment agency.

Poems For Oral English Department

In Junior High Schools and High Schools

Hamlet's Soliloquy

("Hamlet," Act. III., Scene 1.)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

To be or not to be; that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die; to sleep;
No more: and, by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;
To sleep? Perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whip and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

The Seven Ages of Man

("As You Like it," Act II., Scene 3.)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining, morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,—
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big, manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Reputation

("Othello," Act III., Scene 3.)

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Mercy

(From "Merchant of Venice," Act. IV., Scene 1.)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest,—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

Man

("Hamlet," Act. II., Scene 2.)

What a piece of work is man!
How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties!
In form and movement, how express and admirable!
In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how
like a God!
The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!

Mother O' Mine

RUDYARD KIPLING

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother O' Mine, O Mother O' Mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother O' Mine, O Mother O' Mine.

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother O' Mine, O Mother O' Mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother O' Mine, O Mother O' Mine.

If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother O' Mine, O Mother O' Mine,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother O' Mine, O Mother O' Mine.

Mandalay

RUDYARD KIPLING

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks
o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bells,
they say;

"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to
Mandalay."

 Come you back to Mandalay,

 Where the old Flotilla lay;

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunking from Rangoon to
Mandalay?

 On the road to Mandalay,

 Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost
the Bay.

'Er petticut was yeller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' her name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as The-
baw's Queen,

An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white
cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot;
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—

 Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where
she stud!

 On the road to Mandalay.

When the mist was on the rice fields an' the sun was
droppin' slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "Kullalo-lo,"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek agin my
cheek

We useter watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.

 Elephants a-pilin' teak

 In the sludgy, squidgy creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to
speak!

 On the road to Mandalay.

Poems of Worth

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk to
Mandalay;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year
sodger tells;

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed
nothin' else."

No, you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spicy garlic smells

An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-
bells;

On the road to Mandalay.

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,
An' the blessed Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my
bones;

Tho I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the
Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they under-
stand?

Beefy face an' grobby 'and—

Law, wot do they understand?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener, land,
On the road to Mandalay.

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like
the worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man
can raise a thirst;

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would
be—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea—

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to
Mandalay,

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost
the Bay.

Gunga Din

RUDYARD KIPLING

You may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny fights an' Aldershot it;
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it,
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty, the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din,
He was "Din, Din, Din,
You limping lump o' brick dust, Gunga Din,
Hi, slippery hitherao,
Water, get it, Panee loa,
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that behind,
For a piece o' twisty rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find,
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows
crawl,
We shouted "Harry By,"
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
It was "Din, Din, Din,
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some juldee in it
Or I'll marrow you this minute
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din."

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done;
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E 'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.

With 'is mussick on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire;
It was "Din, Din, Din,"
With the bullets kickin' dust spots on the green,
When the cartridges ran out,
You could hear the front-files shout,
"Hi, ammunition—mules an' Gunga Din."

I shan't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' he plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-green;
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din,
It was "Din, Din, Din,"
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'E's chawin' up the ground,
An' 'e's kickin' all around;
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din.

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean,
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died;
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals,
Given drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din.
Yes, Din, Din, Din,
Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the living God that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

When Earth's Last Picture is Painted

RUDYARD KIPLING

When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are
twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest
critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for
an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to
work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit
in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of
comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene,
Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be
tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master
shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work
for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his
separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things
as They Are.

If

RUDYARD KIPLING

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

Verses of Friendship and Faith

HENRY VAN DYKE

FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

THE PRISON AND THE ANGEL

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;
And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast;
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to
light at last.

THE WAY

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
But God will bring him where the Blessed are.

THE ARROW

Life is an arrow therefore you must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow—
Then draw it to the head, and let it go.

IF ALL THE SKIES

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence,
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief,
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

The Builders

HENRY VAN DYKE

O Thou whose boundless love bestows
The joy of life, the hope of Heaven;
Thou whose unchartered mercy flows
O'er all the blessings Thou hast given.
Thou by whose light alone we see;
Thou by whose truth our souls set free
Are made imperishably strong;
Hear Thou the solemn music of our song.

Grant us the knowledge that we need
To solve the questions of the mind;
Light Thou our candle while we read,
And keep our hearts from going blind;
Enlarge our vision to behold
The wonders Thou hast wrought of old;
Reveal thyself in every law,
And gild the towers of truth with holy awe.

Be Thou our strength when war's wild gust
Rages around us, loud and fierce;
Confirm our souls and let our trust
Be like a wall that none can pierce;

Give us the courage that prevails,
The steady faith that never fails,
Help us to stand in every fight
Firm as a fortress to defend the right.

O God, make of us what Thou wilt;
Guide Thou the labour of our hand;
Let all our work be surely built
As Thou, the architect, hast planned;
But whatsoe'er thy power shall make
Of these frail lives, do not forsake
Thy dwelling. Let thy presence rest
Forever in the temple of our breast.

America for Me

HENRY VAN DYKE

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the
kings—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

*So it's home again, and home again, America for me,
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean
bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full
of stars.*

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to
study Rome;
But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the garden of Versailles with flashing fountains
filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a
day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her
way.

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:

The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.

But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

*Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me.
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the
rolling sea,*

*To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the
ocean bars,*

*Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of
stars.*

Solitude

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Laugh and the world laughs with you;

Weep, and you weep alone.

For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,

But has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;

Sigh, it is lost on the air.

The echoes bound to a joyful sound,

But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will find you;

Grieve, and they turn and go.

They want full measure of all your pleasure,

But they do not need your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;

Be sad, and you lose them all,

There are none to decline your nectared wine,

But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;

Fast, and the world goes by.

Succeed and give, and it helps you live,

But no man can help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure

For a long and lordly train,

But one by one we must all file on

Through the narrow aisles of pain.

My Ships

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

If all the ships I have at sea—
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah well, the harbor could not hold
So many ships as there would be,
If all my ships came home to me.

If half my ships now out at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah well, I should have wealth as great
As any king that sits in state,
So rich the treasure there would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If but one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah well, the storm clouds then might frown,
For if the others all went down,
Still rich and glad and proud I'd be,
If that one ship came home to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
Of riches, glory, honor, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be,
If that one ship came not to me;

Oh, skies, be calm; oh, winds, blow free,
Blow all my ships safe home to me;
But if thou sendest some awrack,
To never more come sailing back,
Send any—all that skim the sea,
But send my love ship back to me.

Smile

ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN

When everything goes crooked,
And seems inclined to rile,
Don't kick nor fuss nor fight;
Just you smile.

Poems of Worth

It's hard to learn the lesson
But learn it if you'd win,
When people tease and pester,
Just you grin.

But when someone tries to do you
By taking more than half,
Be patient, firm and pleasant,
Just you laugh.

But if you find you're stuffy,
Sometimes of course you will.
And cannot smile, or grin, or laugh
Just keep still.

Thanatopsis

(From the Poem.)

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The Flower of Mending

VACHEL LINDSAY

When dragon-fly would fix his wings,
When snail would patch his house,
When moths have marred the over-coat
Of tender Mister Mouse,
The pretty creatures go with haste
To the sunlit blue-grass hills
Where the Flower of Mending yields the wax
And webs to help their ills.
The hour the coats are waxed, and webbed,
They fall into a dream,
And when they wake the ragged robes
Are joined without a seam.

My heart is but a dragon fly,
My heart is but a mouse,
My heart is but a haughty snail,
In a little stony house,
Your hand was honey-comb to heal,
Your voice a web to bind,
You were a Mending Flower to me,
To cure my heart and mind.

Trees

JOYCE KILMER

I think that I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet growing breast.

A tree who looks at God all day
And lifts its leafy arms to pray,

A tree who may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems were made by fools like me,
But only God could make a tree.

Roofs

JOYCE KILMER

The road is wide and the stars are out and the breath of
night is sweet,

And this is the time when wanderlust should seize upon
my feet,

But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the star-
light on my face,

And leave the splendor of out-of-doors for a human
dwelling place.

I never have known a vagabond who really liked to roam,
All up and down the streets of the world and never have
a home,

The tramp who slept in your barn last night and left at
the break of day

Will wander on until he finds another place to stay.

The Gipsy man sleeps in his cart with canvas overhead,
Or else he crawls into a tent when it is time for bed,
He will take his ease upon the grass as long as the sun
is high

But when it is dark he wants a roof to keep away the
sky.

If you will call the Gipsy a vagabond I think you do
him wrong,

For he never goes a-traveling but he takes his home along.
And the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer
knows,

Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to
which it goes.

They say life is a highway and its milestones are the
years,

And now and then there's a toll-gate where you pay your
way with tears,

It's a rough road and a steep road and it stretches broad
and far,

But it leads at last to a Golden Town where Golden
Houses are.

The House with Nobody in It

JOYCE KILMER

Whenever I walk to Suffern along the Erie track
I go by a poor old farm-house with its shingles broken
and black

I suppose I've passed it a hundred times, but I always
stop for a minute

And look at the house, the tragic house, the house with
nobody in it.

I never have seen a haunted house, but I hear there are
such things;

That they hold the talk of spirits their mirth and sor-
rowings.

I know that house isn't haunted and I wish it were I do,
For it wouldn't be so lonely if it had a ghost or two.

This house on the road to Suffern needs a dozen panes
of glass,

And somebody ought to weed the walk and take a scythe
to the grass.

Poems of Worth

It needs new paint and shingles and vines should be
trimmed and tied,
But what it needs most of all is some people living inside.

If I had a bit of money and all my debts were paid
I'd put a gang of men to work with brush and saw and
spade.

I'd buy that place and fix it up the way that it used
to be,

And I'd find some people who wanted a home and give
it to them free.

Now a new home standing empty with staring window
and door,

Looks idle perhaps and foolish, like a hat on its block in
the store.

But there's nothing mournful about it, it cannot be sad
and lone

For the lack of something within it that it has never
known.

But a house that has done what a house should do a
house that has sheltered life,

That has put its loving wooden arms around a man and
his wife,

A house that has echoed a baby's laugh and helped up
his stumbling feet,

Is the saddest sight, when it's left alone, that ever your
eyes could meet.

So whenever I go to Suffern along the Erie track
I never go by the empty house without stopping and
looking back.

Yet it hurts me to look at the crumbling roof and the
shutters fallen apart,

For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a house
with a broken heart.

Afterglow

ANGELA MORGAN

When the hills came down to drink
From the twilight's purple well,
At the valley's tender brink,
Ere they huddle close to rest,
Shineth Venus from the west.

When the hills come down to taste
Of the mellow afterglow,
Softly, softly, without haste,
Making music as they go,
Faint and rhythmically slow,
Earth is all a shadowed pool
Where the soul may drink its fill:
Where the fretful human will
In the darkness and the cool
Seeth Venus like a flower
Hanging silver in the west,
Swinging in her saffron tower,
Calling, calling like a bell.
And the heart may find its rest;
Deeply knowing all is well.

Ring Out Wild Bells

ALFRED TENNYSON

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of paltry strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

The Bugle Song

ALFRED TENNYSON

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear, how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going,
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing,
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Crossing the Bar

ALFRED TENNYSON

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning at the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Nobility

ALICE CARY

True worth is in *being*, not *seeming*,
In doing, each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

For whatever men say in blindness
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure,
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile
Though he who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile.

For when from her heights he hath won her,
Alas! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
And nothing so loyal as love.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets,
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing and doing
As we would be done by, by all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating,
Our part is to work and to wait.

And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth,
For he who is honest is noble
Whatever his fortune or birth.

November

ALICE CARY

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest way-side blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves today are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses,
Are kept alive in the snow.

The Poet and His Song

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest;
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song, and all is well.

There are no ears to hear my lays,
No lips to lift a word of praise;
But still, with faith unfaltering,
I live and laugh and love and sing.
What matters yon unheeding throng?
They cannot feel my spirit's spell,
Since life is sweet and love is long,
I sing my song and all is well.

My days are never days of ease;
I till my ground and prune my trees.
When ripened gold is all the plain,
I put my sickle to the grain.
I labor hard, and toil and sweat,
While others dream within the dell;
But even while my brow is wet,
I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot;
Sometimes a blight upon the trees
Takes all my fruit away from me:
And then with throes of bitter pain
Rebellious passions rise and swell;
But—life is more than fruit or grain,
And so I sing, and all is well.

In Flanders Fields

LIEUT. COLONEL JOHN McCRAE

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below;
We are the dead, short days ago we lived,
Felt dawn, saw sunset glow, loved and were
Loved,—and now we lie in Flanders Fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands, we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep tho' poppies blow
In Flanders Fields.

Answer of America

R. W. LILLARD

Rest ye in peace
Ye Flanders dead,
The fight ye so bravely led
We have taken up and will keep,
True faith with ye who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed
And poppies blowing over head
Where once his life's blood ran red
So let your rest be sweet and deep,
In Flanders Fields.

Fear not that ye have died in vain
The torch ye threw to us was caught;
Ten million hands will hold it high
And Freedom's light shall never die.
We learned the lesson ye taught
In Flanders Fields.

Annabel Lee

EDGAR ALLEN POE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know

By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden, she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love,
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels, in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Lochinvar

SIR WALTER SCOTT

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none,
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine;
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye,
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume;
And the bridesmaids whispered, "Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood
near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar:

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby, ne'er did they see,
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war;
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

O Captain! My Captain!

WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every wrack, the prize we sought
is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

The First Snowfall

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails softened to swan's down
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the Babes in the Wood.

Up spake our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who made the snow?"
And I told her of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And I thought of the leadened sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from the cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scars that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

Barbara Frietchie

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTER

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of that famished rebel hoard,

On that pleasant morn of early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall;

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her foreshore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" the dust brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!" out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out of the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a flush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came:

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the head of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law:

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

The Barefoot Boy

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy;
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art, the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride,
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye:
Outward sunshine, inward joy,
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play;
Sleep that wakes in laughing day;
Health that mocks the doctor's rules;
Knowledge (never learned of schools),
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the groundmole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung,

Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine,
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray-hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,
Blessings on thee barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for;
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honeybees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,

Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire;
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can,
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-spread the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground,
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, Barefoot Boy!

Opportunity

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Master of Human Destinies am I,
Fame, Love, and Fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and Fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate;
If sleeping, wake; if feasting rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save Death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain, uselessly implore,
I answer not and I return no more.

The Blue and the Gray

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory;
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All, with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Brodered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

Daybreak

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."
It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."
It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the woodbird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing,"
And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."
It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet; in quiet lie."

Hiawatha's Wooing

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis:
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiawatha:
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.

I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha:
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outrun his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's thunder,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;

Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were!
Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,

And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.
Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him:
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent:
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty

In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."

Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly :
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely :
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha !"

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker;
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water ;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,

Crying to them from afar off:
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,

When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Christmas Bells

HANRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom.
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

The Village Blacksmith

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can.
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close.
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

The Day Is Done

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humble poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

The Necklace of Pearls

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.

She, after form of trial, condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."

The Arrow and the Song

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Song

MARGARET WIDDEMER

The Spring will come when the year turns,
As if no Winter had been,
But what shall I do with a locked heart
That lets no new year in?

The birds will go when the Fall goes,
The leaves will fade in the field,
But what shall I do with an old love
Will neither die nor yield?

Oh, youth will turn as the world turns
And dim grow laughter and pain,
But how shall I hide from an old dream
I never may dream again?

A Man's a Man for A' That

ROBERT BURNS

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
And dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that;
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A man's a man for a' that,
For a' that, an' a' that;
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

You see yon birkie ca'ed a lord,
Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that;
His riband, star, an' a' that;
The man o' independent mind,
He looks, and laughs at a' that!

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that!

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that),
That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that!
It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that!

Breathes There a Man With Soul So Dead

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

O, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleam-
ing?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the peri-
lous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly stream-
ing;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

Poems of Worth

On that shore, dimly seen through the midsts of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footprint's pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued
land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Independence Bell

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

There was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State-House,
So they surged against the door;

And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!"
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpa,
Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly-gliding Delaware!

How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living, ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out loudly, "Independence";
Which, please God, shall never die!

How Did You Die?

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way,
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day,
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it:
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But, only, how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's the disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

Somebody's Mother

(SELECTED)

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who pass'd her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offer'd a helping hand to her,—
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir.

Lest the carriage-wheels or the horses feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street
At last came one of the merry troop,—
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her, and whisper'd low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand.

If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "Somebody's Mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

Apple Blossoms

GEORGE MARTIN

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring,
 In the spring?
An English apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory
And the mavis pipes his story
 In the spring.

Have you plucked the apple blossoms
 In the spring, in the spring?
And caught their subtle odors
 In the spring?
Pink buds bursting in the light,
Crumpled petals, baby white,
Just to touch them a delight,
 In the spring.

Have you walked beneath the blossoms .
 In the spring, in the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms
 In the spring?
Where the pink cascades were falling
And the silver-brooklets brawling
And the cuckoo-bird was calling
 In the spring.

Have you seen a merry bridal
 In the spring?
In an English apple country
 In the spring?
Where the brides and maids wear
Apple blossoms in their hair,
Apple blossoms everywhere
 In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not
 In the spring, in the spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder,
 Of the spring,
No sight do I remember, half so precious
Half so tender, as the apple blossoms render,
 In the spring.

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England

FELICIA HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst the pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

Columbus

(Joaquin Miller)

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak Adm'r'l; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite:
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On sail on!"

A Leap for Life

WALTER COLTON

Old Ironsides at anchor lay
In the harbour of Mahan;
A dead calm rested on the bay,—
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the Captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main truck stood.

A shudder shot through every vein,
All eyes were turned on high,
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky:
No hold had he above, below;
Alone he stood in air;
To that far height none dared to go,
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak,
With horror all aghast;
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast;
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue:—
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck; he gasp'd
"O, God thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son.
"Jump far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire," he said,
"That chance alone your life can save;
Jump, jump!" The boy obey'd.

He sunk,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,—
And for the ship struck out ;
On board we hail'd the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
And folded to his heart his boy,
Then fainted on the deck.

Abou Ben Adhem

LEIGH HUNT

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold ;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cherrily still ; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Mrs. Lofty and I

ANONYMOUS

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,
So do I ;
She has dapple grays to draw it,
None have I ;
She's no prouder with her coachman
Than am I
With my blue-eyed laughing baby,
Trundling by ;
I hide his face lest she should see
The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
 Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace,
 Mine a cot;
Hers comes home beneath the starlight,
 Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes home in the purple twilight,
 Kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold His loved ones in His hands.
Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
 So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom,
 Inside I;
She will leave hers at Death's portal,
 By-and-by;
I shall bear my treasure with me
 When I die;
For I have love, and she has gold;
She counts her wealth;—mine can't be told.
She has those who love her station,
 None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me—
 Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
 No, not I;
God will weigh it in His balance,
 By-and-by;
And the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

Your Flag and My Flag

WILBUR D. NESBIT

Your flag and my flag,
And how it flies to-day,
In your land and my land
And half a world away,
Rose red and blood red,
The stripes forever gleam,
Snow white and soul white—
The good forefather's dream;
Sky blue and true blue,
With stars to gleam aright,
The gloried guidon of the day,
A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag,
To every star and stripe,
The drums beat as hearts beat,
And fifers shrilly pipe.
Your flag and my flag—
A blessing in the sky
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie.
Home land and far land,
And half the world around,
Old Glory, here's our glad
Salute and ripples to the sound.

Your flag and my flag,
And oh! how much it holds—
Your land and my land,
Secure within its folds,
Your heart and my heart,
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun kissed and wind tossed—
Red and blue and white,
The one flag, the great flag,
The flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—
The red, and white, and blue.

Little Boy Blue

EUGENE FIELD

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling to his trundle-bed,
He dreamed of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Jim Bludsoe

JOHN HAY

Wall, No! I can't tell where he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludsoe passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He warn't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike
One wife in Natchez-Under-the-Hill,
And another one here in Pike.
A careless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row
But he never flunked, and he never lied
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp',
And her day came at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed,
And so came a-tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnaces crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
Ther' was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Thro' the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludsoe's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And know'd he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,
And Bludsoe's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He warn't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
Alongside of some pious gentleman
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He'd seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went fer it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

The Daffodils

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay

In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Aux Italiens

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON

At Paris it was, at the opera there ;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore* ;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls of purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow ;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
“Non ti scordar di me?”

The emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave ; as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye :
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well ! there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I ;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm.

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love
As I had not been thinking of aught for years;
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);
And her warm, white neck in its golden chain;
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair, young breast;
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over;
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled;

And I turned and looked; she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And the jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between:
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,
(In short, from the future back to the past,)
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;
And but for her, well, we'll let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say:
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But O the smell of that jasmine flower!
And O that music! and O the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
"Non ti scorder di me,
Non ti scordar di me!"

Sacred Selections

The Wild White Rose

ELLEN H. WILLIS

It was peeping through the brambles that little, wild
white rose,

Where the hawthorn hedge was planted, my garden to
enclose,

All beyond was fern and heather, on the breezy, open
moor;

All within was sun and shelter, and the wealth of beauty's
store.

But I did not heed the fragrance of flow'ret or of tree;
For my eyes were on that rosebud, and it grew too high
for me.

In vain I strove to reach it through the tangled mass of
green,

It only smiled and nodded behind its thorny screen.

Yet through that summer morning I lingered near the
spot:

Oh, why do things seem sweeter if we possess them not?
My garden buds were blooming, but all that I could see
Was that little mocking wild rose hanging just too high
for me.

So in life's wiser garden there are buds of promise, too,
Beyond our reach to gather, but not beyond our view;
And like the little charmer that tempted me astray,
They steal out half the brightness of many a summer's
day.

Oh! hearts that fail with longing for some forbidden tree,
Look up and learn a lesson from my white rose and me.
'Tis wiser far to number the blessings at my feet
Than ever to be sighing for just one bud more sweet.
My sunbeams and my shadows fall from a pierced hand,
I can surely trust His wisdom since His heart I under-
stand;

And maybe in the morning, when His blessed face I see,
He will tell me why my white rose grew just too high
for me.

(Musical Accompaniment "Hearts and Flowers")

My Master

SELECTED

I had walked life's path
With an easy tread.
I had followed where pleasure
And comfort led
'Til at last—by chance
In a quiet place,
I met My Master
Face to Face.

With fortune and fame
And wealth for a goal
Much thought for the body
But none for the soul.
I had entered to win,
In life's mad race—
When I met My Master,
Face to Face.

I had built my castles,
And reared them high.
'Til their towers pierced
The blue of the sky.
I had sworn to rule
With an iron mace
When I met My Master
Face to Face.

I saw Him, knew Him,
And blushed to see
How His eyes full of pity—
Were fixed on me.
I faltered and fell
At His feet that day,
And my castles melted
And vanished away.

Melted and vanished
And in their place,
I knew naught else,
But my Master's face.
I cried aloud—
"Oh make me meet
To follow the marks
Of Thy wounded feet."

My thought is now
For the souls of men.
I had lost my life
To find it again.
E'er since alone
In that holy place.
My Master and I
Stood Face to Face.

(Musical Accompaniment "Face to Face.")

The Night Cometh

ANONYMOUS

An angel passed through a busy street;
His step was swift, his smile was sweet,
And he sped in the path of the rising sun,
Saying, softly, "The day is begun,
The Night Cometh."

He met a child, who laughed and ran,
Chasing the butterflies with her fan,
A circlet of lilies, white and fair,
Crowning her waving, yellow hair;
And stopping, he asked, in a gentle tone,
"Do you love the Master, my little one?"
She raised her beautiful, sunlit head,
"I am one of His little lambs," she said.
"Then do," said the angel, "as He commands;
Your work is ready, it waits your hands!"
The child made answer, "I'll not forget.
I shall do my work ere the sun is set;
But it's going to be such a long, long day;
It is morning now, I want to play!"

The angel watched her in sad surprise,
As she flitted away with the butterflies;
And he sped in the path of the rising sun,
Whispering softly, "Will the work be done?
The Night Cometh."

An hour flew by, and the child lay dead—
A stain on the beautiful, sunlit head,
A stain which the lilies could not hide,
Though they spread their waxen petals wide;
And the weepers heard in a voice divine,
Like the solemn moan of a wind stirred pine,
"The Night Cometh."

The angel passed through the busy street,
And met a man with hurrying feet,
"Stay!" he cried, "are you one of those
Who love the Master and hate His foes?"
"Oh, yes!" he replied; "My name is enrolled
In the book of the Church, I am safe in the fold."
"Then do," said the angel "as He commands;
Your work is ready, it waits your hands!"
"Good Sir," said the man, "I shall do my work
-All in good season, I'm never a shirk;
Just now I am busy, as you must see.
But sometime—yes, sometime—I hope to be free
To work for the master; I'm still in my prime
With life before me,—there's plenty of time!"

The angel watched him, speeding along
With a troubled brow through the jostling throng,
And he followed the path of the setting sun
Whispering softly, "Will the work be done?
The Night Cometh."

The years rolled by, through a city street
A man walked slowly, with tottering feet;
His form was bent, and his face was old,
And his heart was as hard as his silver and gold;
But he seemed to hear, like a mournful rhyme,
"Life is before me there's plenty of time!"
And those who were nearest him, heard him say,
"It is growing dark—I have lost the day!
The Night Cometh."

The Water Mill

ANONYMOUS

Oh, listen to the water-mill, throughout the live-long day
How the clicking of the wheel wears hour by hour away;
How languidly the autumn wind stirs the withered leaves
As in the fields the reapers sing while binding up the
sheaves.

A solemn proverb strikes my mind and as a spell is cast,
The mill will never grind again with water that is past.

Soft summer winds revive no more leaves strewn o'er
earth and main,

The sickle never more shall reap the yellow garnered
grain;

The rippling stream flows ever on, aye tranquil, deep and
still,

But never glideth back again to the busy water-mill.
A solemn proverb speaks to all, with meaning deep and
vast:
The mill will never drive again with water that is past.
Oh, take this lesson to thy soul, dear loving heart and
true,
For golden years are fleeting by and youth is passing too;
Ah! learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy
day,
For time ne'er brings sweet joy again, refused or thrown
away;
Nor leave one tender word unsaid; the kindness strewn
broadcast,
The mill will never drive again with water that is past.
Oh, the wasted hours of youth that have swiftly drifted
by,
Alas, the good we might have done all gone out with a
sigh,
Love that could have once been saved by a single kindly
word,
Thoughts conceived, but ne'er expressed, perishing un-
penned, unheard,
Oh, take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp it fast:
The mill will never grind again with water that is past.
Work on while yet the day is bright, thou man of
strengthened will,
For streamlet ne'er doth useless glide by busy water-mill;
Nor wait until tomorrow beam with brightness on thy
way,
For all that thou canst call thy own lies in the phrase
today,
Possession, power, blooming health, must all be lost at
last;
The mill will never grind again with water that is past.
Love thy God and fellow-man thyself considered last,
For come it will when thou must scan dark errors of the
past.
Soon will this fight for life be o'er and earth recede from
view,
And Heaven in all its glory shine, where all is pure and
true;
Then thoult see more clearly still the proverb deep, but
vast;
The mill will never grind again with water that is past.

The Inn That Missed Its Chance

(The Landlord Speaks, —28 A. D.)

AMOS R. WELLS

What could be done? The inn was full of folk,
His Honor, Marcus Lucius, and his scribes
Who made the census; honorable men
From farthest Galilee, come hitherward
To be enrolled; high ladies and their lords,
The rich, the rabbis, such a noble throng
As Bethlehem had never seen before
And may not see again, and there they were
Close herded with their servants, till the inn
Was like a hive at swarming-time, and I
Was fairly crazed among them.

Could I know that they were so important?
Just the two, no servants, just a workman
Sort of man, leading a donkey, and his wife
Thereon drooping and pale, I saw them not
Myself, my servants must have driven them
Away, but had I seen them, how was I to know?
Were inns to welcome stragglers up and down
In all our towns from Beersheba to Dan
Till He should come? And how were men to know?

There was a sign they say, a heavenly light
Resplendent; but I had no time for stars
And there were songs of angels in the air
Out on the hills; but how was I to hear
Amid the thousand clamors of an inn?
Of course if I had known them, who they were,
And who was He that should be born that night,
Had I known, I would have turned the whole inn
Upside down, His Honor, Marcus Lucius, and the
Rest and sent them all to stables, had I known.

So you have seen him, stranger, and perhaps
Again will see him. Prithee, say for me,
I did not know; and if he comes again
As he will surely come, with retinue and
Banners and an army, tell my Lord that
All my inn is his to make amends.
Alas, alas, to miss a chance like that;
This inn that might be chief among them all
The birth-place of Messiah, had I known.

The House by the Side of the Road

SAM WALTER FOSS

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highways of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are weak with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road stretches on through the long afternoon
And passes away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the mourners who moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by,
They are good, they are bad, they are weak,
They are strong, wise, foolish, so am I,
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

In My Father's House

ANONYMOUS

In our sleep we ofttimes wander
In a dreamland bright and fair,
In a land where flowers of beauty
With sweet fragrance scent the air.
There's a dream, a golden vision,
Of a heavenly land so bright
That I dreamed of, could I only
Now to you its message write.

Lo, I wandered in a country
Beautiful beyond compare,
Golden harps were ever sounding
Heavenly music in the air,
Rivers, too, as clear as crystal,
Fountains with their silver spray,
And the light of that blest country
Clearer was, than light of day.

As I stood in silent wonder,
One bright form came softly near,
As I looked I knew my Savior,
In His hands the nail prints clear.
Then He touched me on the shoulder
As He spake in gentle tone,
"In my Father's House are mansions,
Mansions built by love alone."

"Each one here doth claim a mansion,"
"Where is mine?" I then replied,
"Come with me," He softly whispered,
Then I glided by His side.
Now my heart stood still in wonder,
Mansions fair did meet my gaze,
Some they were not yet completed,
Others stately domes did raise.

And I prayed and longed so earnest
That I could claim one as mine,
Then a voice, it was my Savior's,
Saying, "This my child is thine."
As I looked I saw a structure
Of a grand foundation plan,
Nothing else, no walls, no towers,
Work left off where it began.

"Lord," I cried in anguish sorely,
"Why unfinished work is mine?"
And his voice was full of sadness
As he spoke those words divine.
"In my Father's House are mansions,
Don't you see and understand,
God is the great Master Builder,
Ye are workers 'neath His hands."

"For by each unselfish action,
And by every gentle word,
Ye are building heavenly mansions
In the City of your God.
Back to earth my child go calmly
And thy work take up with zeal,
Lay thy treasure in this kingdom
Where no thieves break through nor steal."

"Lord," I cried in anguish sorely,
"I was blind, I did not care,
'Twas the things of earth I cherished,
Not my heavenly mansions fair,
But my life is in thy keeping,
All I have and am is Thine,
Lead, O lead me in thy footsteps,
To that heavenly life divine."

'Twas a dream, but there's a message,
Meant for all this world to know,
Just pass on a word of kindness,
In life's pathway here below.
Bear ye one another's burden,
As ye walk along the road,
Those the stones that build your mansion,
In the heavenly home of God.

Just to help on life's short journey,
Some poor soul along the way,
Just to take their hand in kindness,
And a gentle word to say.
What is wealth or what is pleasure,
We shall leave those all behind
When we cross the heavenly portal
We immortal joys shall find.

Poems for Entertainment

What the Choir Sang About the New Bonnet

M. T. MORRISON

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might
 know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just
 to show it.
But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their
 ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough the folks
 were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them
 down before.
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head.
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words
 she thought they said.
This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a
 toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about
 her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace
 upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the
 prayer,
But pattered down the silent street, and hurried up the
 stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a band-box on it,
Had hidden, safe from critics' eye, her foolish little
 bonnet.
Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will
 find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And the silly little head, that's filled with silly little airs,
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

Money Musk

(SELECTED)

Ah, the buxom girls that helped the buxom boys—
The nobler Helens of humbler Troys,
As they stripped the husks with the rustling fold,
From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold.

By the candlelight in pumpkin bowls,
And the gleams that showed fantastic holes,
In the quaint old lantern's tattooed tin,
From the hermit glim set up within.

By the rarer light in girlish eyes
As dark as wells, or as blue as skies,
I hear the laugh when the ear is red,
And I see the blush with the forfeit paid.

The cedar cakes with the ancient twist
The cider cup that the girls have kissed,
And I see the fiddler through the dusk,
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk."

The boys and girls in a double row,
Wait face to face till the magic bow
Shall whip the tune from the violin,
And the merry pulse of feet begin.

(The remainder of the poem is read to the music,
Money Musk)

In shirt of check and tallowed hair
The fiddler sits in bulrush chair,
Like Moses' basket stranded there,
On the brink of Father Nile.

He feels the fiddle's slender neck,
Picks out the notes with thrum and check;
And times the tune with nod and beck,
And thinks it a weary while.

All ready! now he gives the call,
Cries, "Honor to the ladies all."
The jolly tides of laughter fall
And ebb in a happy smile.

But down comes the bow on every string
"First couple join right hand and swing!"
As light as any bluebird's wing
"Swing once and a half times round."

While Mary Martin all in blue,
Calico gown and stockings new,
And tinted eyes that tell you true
Dance all to the dancing sound.

She flits about big Moses Brown,
Who holds her hands to keep her down
And thinks her hair a golden crown,
And his heart turns over once.

His cheek with Mary's breath is wet,
It gives a second sommerset!
He means to win that maiden yet,
Alas, for the awkward dance.

"Your stoga boot has crushed my toe,
I'd rather dance with one-legged Joe,
You clumsy fellow," "Pass below!"
And the first pair dance apart.

Then "Forward Six," advance, retreat,
Like midges gay in sunbeam street,
'Tis the Money Musk by merry feet,
And the Money Musk by heart.

"Three quarters around your partners swing!"
"Across the set!" the rafters ring,
The girls and boys have taken wing,
And have brought their roses out.

'Tis "Forward Six!" with rustic grace
Oh, rarer far than—"Swing to place!"
Than golden clouds of old point lace,
They bring the dance about.

Then, clasping hands all—"Right and left!"
All swiftly weave the measure deft,
Across the woof in loving weft
And the Money Musk is done.

Oh! dancers of the rustling husk,
Good-night, sweethearts 'tis growing dusk,
Good-night for aye to Money Musk,
For the march of life begun.

An Old Sweetheart of Mine

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till, in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes
And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to
yoke
It's fate with my tobacco and to vanish with the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving thoughts
that start
Into being are like perfume from the blossom of the
heart;
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine
When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart
of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of
wings,
The voices of my children, and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When Care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm,
For I find an extra flavor in Memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart
of mine.

A face of lily-beauty, with a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered
dress,
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the
caress,
With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump," she loved me, that old sweet-
heart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender, little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned.
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that she set the music to.

When we should live together in a cozy, little cot
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden-spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever
fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart
of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was
gray:
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were
dumb
They would not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss had
come.

But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
The door if softly opened, and my wife is standing
there;
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of
mine.

Be the Fellow That Your Mother Thinks You Are

ANONYMOUS

While walking down a crowded city street the other day,
I heard a little urchin, to his comrade turn and say,
"Say, Jimmy, let me tell you I'd be as happy as a clam,
If I only was the feller that my mother thinks I am,

She thinks I am an angel, and she knows her little lad,
Would never stoop to nothing that was ugly, mean, or
bad,

Lots of times I sit and wonder what I would give, Gee
Whiz!

If I only was the feller that my mother thinks I is."

My friend, be yours a life of toil, or undulated joy,
You still can learn a lesson from this ragged, barefoot
boy,

Don't aim to be an earthly saint with eyes fixed on a star,
Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

Just for a Girl

SELECTED

Many a throne has had its fall
For a girl, just a girl,
Many a king was made to crawl
For a girl, just a girl,
When the hero goes to war
He may battle for the right
But it's likelier by far
When he sallies forth to fight
It's for a girl, just a girl.

When the doctor learns to say,
"It's a girl, just a girl,"
Father answers in dismay,
"What, a girl, just a girl?"
Why the sorrow and dismay,
Why the anger they display?
Some day some strong man
Will swear that the world was made
For a girl, just a girl.

Why did Adam take a bite?
For a girl, just a girl,
Why was Troy swept out of sight?
For a girl, just a girl.
And would heaven be so bright
And men achieve it?
If they might not claim forever there
A girl, just a girl.

Swinging in the Grape-vine Swing

HUBBARD T. SMITH

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the-deep bayou,
The fairest spot in all creation,
Under the arching blue,
When the wind swept over the cotton and corn
To the long, slim loop, I would spring,
With brown feet bare and hat brim torn,
And swing in the grape-vine swing,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh for the days gone by,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing.

Out over the water lilies, bonnie and bright,
Back to the moss grown trees,
With ringing laugh and heart as light,
As a rose tossed by the breeze,
The mocking birds' all echoed my glee,
And I longed for no angel's wing,
I was as near heav'n as I wished to be,
While swinging in the grape-vine swing.

I'm weary at morn and I'm weary at night,
Fretted and sore at heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white,
As I wend through the fevered mart.
I'm weary of the world's pride and pomp,
For to me no joy it can bring,
I would barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grape-vine swing.

Swinging in the grape-vine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh for the days gone by,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing.

The Fool and the Little Court Lady

(SELECTED)

He was a merry, merry fool so gay,
She was a little court lady,
He jangled his bells by night and by day,
She sang in the green ways shady.

She sang to the queen with the sad, sad, face,
Who sighed, "Ah me!" as she listened,
"My crown for a day of such girlhood's grace."
And a tear in her dark eye glistened.

The grave king looked at his jester gay,
And sighed as he smiled at the chaffing,
"My kingdom to be this fool for a day,
Whose life is a time for laughing."

They met as the sun slipped down in the sea,
The fool and the little court lady.
But a queer jester he and a sorry singer she,
As they passed down the green ways shady.

For, "I would I were the king," this queer fool said,
"I'm tired of my jesting and my laughter,"
And, "Oh to be the queen!" sighed the merry little maid
"And to wear a gorgeous robe forever after."

Then he bobbed a little bow and a little courtesy she,
As they passed down the green ways shady,
But "Alack!" quoth the queer little fool, quoth he,
And "Alas," sighed the little court lady.

Bill Mason's Bride

BRET HARTE

Half an hour till train time, sir,
An' a fearful dark time, too;
Take a look at the switch lights, Tom,
Fetch in a stick when you're through.
On time? well, yes; I guess so—
Left the last station all right;
She'll come round the curve a-flyin';
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? No? He's engineer,
Been on the road all his life.
I'll never forget the mornin'
He married his chuck of a wife.
'Twas the day the mill hands struck,
Just off work, every one;
They kicked up a row in the village
And killed old Donovan's son.

Bill hadn't been married mor'n an hour,
Up comes a message from Kress,
Orderin' Bill to go up there,
And bring down the night express.
He left his gal in a hurry,
And went up on Number One,
Thinking of nothing but Mary,
And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat down by the window
To wait for the night express;
And, sir, if she hadn't a' done so,
She'd been a widow, I guess.
For it must a' been nigh midnight
When the mill hands left the Ridge;

They come down—the drunken devils,
Tore up a rail from the bridge.
But Mary heard 'em a-workin'
And guessed there was somethin' wrong
And in less than fifteen minutes,
Bill's train it would be along!

She couldn't come here to tell us,
A mile—it wouldn't a' done;
So she jest grabbed up a lantern,
And made for the bridge alone.
Then down came the night express, sir,
And Bill was makin' her climb!
But Mary held the lantern,
A-swingin' it all the time.

Well, by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin',
On the track, in her weddin' dress;
Cryin' an laughin' for joy, sir,
An' holdin' on to the light
Hello! here's the train—good-bye, sir,
Bill Mason's on time tonight.

Counting Daisy Petals

LYTTON COX

Coming from the little school
With our lessons done,
Road just like a golden path
In the evening sun.
Then I'd tote her pile of books
On the homeward way,
While she'd hold a daisy up
And shyly she would say:

One I love, two I love,
Three I love I say,
Then I'd stoop and snatch a kiss,
And shyly look away.
Girltime, boytime, that was joytime
All of life was play,
Picking daisy petals off
At the close of day.

Then the years flew quickly by,
Where we scarcely knew,
She piled up her golden curls
Dropped her eyes of blue.
When the summer moon was bright,
Softly gleaming stars,
I would go a-courting her
By the pasture bars.

One I love, two I love,
Three I love I say,
Four I love with all my heart
I'd stoop and try to say.
But her eyes so flustered me
I'd grow pale with fright,
And I'd guess I'd better not
'Til some other night.

Sometimes I'd get awful blue,
Girls seemed mighty queer,
Other fellows wanting her
Came from far and near.
And to tease me she'd say soft
Just the same old rhyme
That she used to speak to me
Back in school-day time.

One I love, two I love,
Three I love I say,
Four I love with all my heart
And five I cast away.
And she'd look right straight at me
While she laughed in glee,
And my heart went pit-a-pat
Scared as I could be.

Now alone I take the road
Coming home at night,
But I know she's waiting there
In the fading light.
By the little cottage gate
Under evening skies,
Watching up the golden road
Love light in her eyes.

Eyes are just as blue and bright
Hair as shining gold,

As they used to seem to me
In the days of old.
As she'll hold a daisy up
In the old, sweet way,
While I stoop and kiss her lips
Both of us will say.

One I love, two I love,
Three I love I say,
Four I love with all my heart
Forever and a day.
Six she loves, seven he loves
Eight both love always,
Thus we say love's rosary
At the close of day.

Marjery Grey

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

(This is a very old poem, only original copy in existence and is positively true.)

Fair the cabin cabin walls were gleaming
In the sunbeams' golden glow,
On that lovely April morning
Near a hundred years ago;
And upon the humble threshold
Stood the young wife Marjery Grey
With her fearless blue eyes glancing down
The lonely forest way,

In her arms her laughing baby
With its father's dark hair played,
As he lingered there beside them
Leaning on the trusty spade;
"I am going to the wheat lot," with
A smile said Robert Grey.
"Will you be too lonely
Marjery, if I leave you all the day?"

Then she smiled a cheerful answer
Ere she spoke a single word and the tone,
Of her replying, was as sweet as song of bird;
"No," she said, "I'll take the baby and go stay with
Annie Brown.
You must meet us there, dear Robert,
Ere the sun has quite gone down."

Thus they parted, strong and sturdy,
All day long he labored on spading up
The fertile acres from the stubborn forest won.
And when laughing shadows warned him
That the sun was in the west,
Down the woodland aisles he hastened
Whispering, "Now for home and rest."

But when he had gained the clearing
Of their friend a mile away, neither wife
Nor child was waiting there to welcome
Robert Grey. "Oh, she is safe at home,"
Said Annie, "for she went an hour ago
While the woods were still illumined
By the sunset's golden glow.

Back he sped, but night was falling
And the path he scarce could see,
Here and there his feet were guided onward,
Onward by some deep gashed tree.
When at length he gained the cabin
Black and desolate it stood,
Cold the hearth, the windows rayless,
In the stillest solitude.

With a murmured prayer, a shudder
A sob of anguish wild—back he darted
Through the forest, calling on his wife and child.
Soon the startled settlers gathered from
The clearing far and near and the
Solemn woods resounded with their
Voices ringing clear.

Torches flared and fires were kindled,
And the horn's long peal rang out.
While the startled echoes answered
To the sturdy woodman's shout;
But in vain their sad endeavor
Night by night and day by day,
For no sign or token found they
Of the wife of Robert Grey.

Woe! woe! for pretty Marjery, with her babe
Upon her arm, on her homeward way she started,
Fearing nothing that could harm.
With a lip and brow untroubled and a heart
In utter rest, through the dim woods

She went singing to the darling on her breast.
But in sudden terror, pausing, gazed
She round in blank dismay.
Where were all the white, scarred hemlocks
Pointing out the lonely way?
God of Mercies, she had wandered from the pathway.
Not a tree giving mute but kindly warning,
Could her straining vision see.

Twilight deepened into darkness;
And the stars came out on high;
All was silent in the forest, save the owl's low boding
cry.

Round about her in the midnight
Stealthy shadows softly crept, and the babe
Upon her bosom, closed its eyes and slept:

Hark! A shout, and in the distance
She could see the torches gleam. But alas!
She could not reach it, and it
Vanished like a dream.

Then another shout and another,
But she shrieked and sobbed in vain
Rushing wildly toward a presence
She could never, never gain.

O, the days so long and dreary. O, the nights
More dreary still.
More than once she heard the sounding,
Of the horn from hill to hill,
More than once a smouldering fire,
In some sheltered nook she found;
And she knew her husband's footprints close
Beside it on the ground.

Dawned the fourth relentless morning,
And the sun's un pitying eye looked
Upon the haggard mother, looked to see the baby die.
All day long its plaintive moaning,
Wrung the heart of Marjery Grey.
All night long her bosom cradled it,
A pallid thing of clay.

Three days more she bore it with her
On her rough and toilsome way,
Till across its marbled features
Stole the plague spot of decay.

Then she knew that she must leave it—
In the wilderness to sleep,
Where the prowling wild beasts only
Watch above its grave should keep.

Dumb with grief she sat beside it,
Oh, how long she never knew.
There the tales her mother told her
Of the dear All Father true.
When the skies were brass above her
And the earth was cold and wet,
And when all her tears and pleadings
Brought no answer down from Him.

Up she rose still pressing onward
Through the forest far and wide,
Till the May flowers bloomed and perished,
And the sweet June roses died.
Was she doomed to roam forever o'er this desolate
earth,
She the last and only being in those wilds of human
birth?
Sometimes from her pathway wolf or black bear stole
away,
But never once did human presence
Bless the sight of Marjery Grey.

One chill morning in October, when the woods were
bare and brown,
Through the ancient streets of Charlestown
With a strange, bewildered air—
Walked a gaunt and pallid woman
Whose disheveled locks of brown,
O'er her naked head and shoulders
In the wind was streaming down.

Wondering glances fell upon her;
Women veiled their modest eyes,
Ere they slowly ventured near her
Drawn by pitying surprise.
" 'Tis some crazy one," they whispered.
Back her tangled locks she tossed—
"Oh, kind hearts, have mercy on me,
For I am not mad but lost."

Then she told her piteous story,
In a vague, disjointed way,

And with cold, white lips she murmured,
"Take me home to Robert Grey."
"But the river," said they pondering,
"We are on the eastern side."
How crossed you its turbid waters
Deep the channel is, and wide?

But she said she had not crossed it,
In her strange, erratic course,
She had wandered far to northward
Till she reached its fountain source.
In the dark Canadian forests,
And then blindly roaming on
Down the wild New Hampshire valleys,
Her bewildered feet had gone.

O! The joy bells, sweet their ringing,
On the frosty, autumn air.
O! the boats across the river,
How they leaped the tale to bear.
O! The wondrous, golden sunset,
Of that blest October day,
When the weary wife was folded
To the heart of Robert Grey.

Hullo!

SAM WALTER FOSS

W'en you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say, "Hullo"
Say "Hullo and how-d'ye do,"
"How's the world a usin' you?
Slap the fellow on the back,
Bring your han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow,
Grin and shake an' say "Hullo."

Is he clothed in rags or sho'?
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "how-d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They salute an' sail away.
Jest the same are you and me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let your speakin' trumpet blow,
Lift your horn an' cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo" an' "how d'ye do,"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en you leave your house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far-away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be, an' say "Hullo!"

Home

EDGAR A. GUEST

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home,
A heap o' sun an' shadder, an' ye sometimes have t' roam
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind,
An' hunger fer 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer mind,
It don't make any difference how rich ye get t' be,
How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great yer
luxury;
It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a king,
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped round every-
thing.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a
minute;
Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it;
Within the walls there's got t' be some babies born, and
then
Right there ye've got t' bring 'em up t' women good, an'
men;
And gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye wouldn't part
With anything they ever used—they've grown into yer
heart;
The old high chairs, the playthings, too, the little shoes
they wore
Ye hoard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the thumb-marks on
the door.

Ye've got t' weep t' make it home, ye've got t' sit an' sigh
An' watch beside a loved one's bed, an' know that death
is nigh;

An' in the stillness o' the night t' see Death's angel come,
An' close the eyes o' her that smiled, an' leave her sweet
voice dumb.

Fer these are scenes that grip the heart, an' when yer
tears are dried,

Ye find the home is dearer than it was, an' sanctified;

An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleasant memories

O' her that was an' is no more—ye can't escape from
these.

Ye've got t' sing and dance fer years, ye've got t' romp
an' play,

An' learn t' love the things ye have by usin' 'em each day;

Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom year by
year

Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin' someone dear

Who used t' love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em jes' t' run

The way they do, so's they would get the early mornin'
sun;

Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone from cellar up t'
dome;

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home.

Hum Um, Not Me

ANONYMOUS

Co'se ah ain't sayin' Ah won't do,

Des what my country want me to.

But dey's one job dat Ah fo'see,

Ain't gwine to tach itself to me,

Hum Um, not me.

Dat dis heah ahplane stuff no, not me boss

Ah'll bah some other kind of cross,

Lak drive a mule er tote a gun,

But Ah ain't flirtin' wif de sun,

Hum Um, not me.

Ef Ah must do a loop de loop,

Let it be roun' some chicken coop.

It ain't gwine be up whah de crows

Kin say Ah's trampin' on dere toes,

Hum Um, not me.

It sho' looks sweet, Ah don' deny,
To be a oozin' roun' de sky.
But dat's fo' folks in de mood,
To pass up love, an' gin, an' food.
Down heah Ah firs' saw light ob day,
Down heah am whah Ah's gwine to stay,
Folks Ah don't keer to hab ma feet git
Too blamed proud to walk de street,
Hum Um, not me.

So Ah'll des wait till Gabriel brings
Dem good ol' fashioned angel wings,
Den as Ah pass de ahplanes by in pity,
Ah'll look down an' sigh,
Hum Um, not me.

Tit for Tat

ANONYMOUS

"Good mornin', Miss Katie," cried young Dickie Fee,
"Good mornin' again, it's yourself shure I see,
Lookin' bloomin' as iver;" but Kate turned away,
As she said, "Mister Dickie, I wish you good-day,
You're a heartless desaiver, now don't spake a word,
Pritty stories about you and that Nora O've heard.
You kna you danced with her that day at the fair,
And praised her gray eyes and her very rid hair.
You called her an angel, and said in love you had fell,
And at night when you parted, you kissed her as well."

Then young Dickie gave a sly wink, as he said,
"Just a whisper, dear Katie, this way turn your head,
I desaived her, my darlin', that's true,
For I shut both my eyes, Katie, and fancied 'twas you."
"Well, O've no time to stay, so good-bye, Dickie Fee,
You may desaive her, but you can't desaive me.
I'm not to be blarnyed—Dick, a word in your ear,
You had better be off, for my dad's coming here!"

"Your dad's coming is he? Is that him I see,
Just bobbin' behind that old black-thorn tree?
Why, that's Paddy McGwin." "Oh!" said Kate with a
sneer,

"You've got your eyes open at last, Dickie dear;
Well, he's coming to meet me—now listen, my lad,
If Paddy should kiss me, shure, and won't you be glad?
For when his lips meet mine, why, what will I do,
But just shut both my eyes, dear, and fancy 'tis you."

The Highwayman

ALFRED NOYES

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty
trees,

The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple
moor,

And the highwayman came riding, riding, riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.

He'd a French cocked hat on his forehead, a bunch of
lace at his chin,

A coat of the claret velvet and breeches of brown doe-
skin;

They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to
the thigh!

And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,

His pistol butts a twinkle,

His rapier hilt a twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark
inn-yard,

And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was
locked and barred;

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be
waiting there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark, red love-knot into her long, black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket
creaked

Where Tim, the hostler, listened; his face was white and
peaked;

His eyes were hollow of madness, his hair like mouldy
hay,

But he loved the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's red-lipped daughter,

Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

“One kiss, my bonnie sweetheart, I'm after a prize
tonight,

But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morn-
ing light;

Yet, if they press me sharply, and hurry, and harry me
through the day,

Then look for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar
the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her
hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face
burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his
breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(Oh, sweet, black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and gal-
loped away to the west.

PART TWO

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at
noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple
moor,
A red-coat troop came marching, marching, marching,
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-
door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale
instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot
of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their
side!
There was death at every window,
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that
he would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a snicker-
ing jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel be-
neath her breast!
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.
She heard the head man say—
Look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar
the way!

She twisted her hands behind her, but all the knots held
good!

She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with
sweat or blood!

They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the
hours crawled by like years,

Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,

Cold, on the stroke of midnight,

The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was
hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for
the rest!

Up; she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her
breast,

She would not risk their hearing, she would not strive
again;

For the road lay bare in the moonlight;

And the blood of her veins in the moonlight;

Blank and bare in the moonlight throbbed to her love's
refrain.

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse's
hoofs ringing clear;

Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that
they did not hear?

Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the
hill,

The highwayman came riding, riding, riding!

The red-coats looked to their priming. She stood up,
straight and still!

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! Tlot-tlot, in the echoing
night!

Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last
breath,

Then her finger moved in the moonlight,

Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—
with her death.

He turned; he spurred to the Westward; he did not know
who stood

Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with
her own red blood!

Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear

How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in
the darkness there.

Back he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the
sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier
brandished high!

Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red
was his velvet coat;

When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway,
With the bunch of lace at his throat.

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is
in the trees,

When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy
seas,

When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple
moor,

A highwayman comes riding, riding, riding,
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn
yard;

And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is
locked and barred;

He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be
waiting there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark, red love-knot into her long, black hair.

Mon Pierre

WALLACE BRUSE AMSBARY

(From the Ballads of the Bourbannais)

It ees to-morrow morning dat

I marray Pierre Minot

I wander if I mak' a dream,

Or if it can't be so;

But still I see hees picture dere,

It hang opou de wall;

He ees de bol' Pierre Minot,

He's gat head of dem all.

I nevere shall forget firs' tam',
I meet dat beeg garcon,
I see h'right 'way opon my heart
He seem to be moch gone;
I t'ink dat's verree bol' of heem,
Of course I mak, resent,
For heem to fall on lof' wid me
Before I am consent.

But somehow here dese French boys, dey
Hav' gat it on der min',
Dat dey can hav' de gairl dey wan'
W'en dey can mak' de fin',
I say to me, myself, I say,
I'll geeve heem une lessone,
I'll mak' heem know not where he ees,
Or where he want to gone.

I soon is see, I gat ma man,
He tak' me off wan side,
He wan' to know if Sunday nex'
I wid heem tak' a ride,
I say to heem, "Young Lettellier
Was ask me do dat, too;
I'm verree sorry, M'sieu Pierre,
I cannot go wid you."

Dat was a story dat I tell
About young Lettellier,
But when Pierre meet heem on de road,
I t'ink it was nex' day,
He mak' present of two black eye,
He tears hees hat in piece,
He use heem op mos' mighty rough,
Lettellier's wan beeg geese.

An' den two weeks is pass away,
No wan is com' near me,
Not even Pierre, who I was sure,
He could not let me be:
De boys dey all is drop me lak'
Wan hot potato ball,
I wander w'at dat all is mean,
An' what keep 'way dem all.

An' w'en t'ree week is come an' pass
An' Sunday's here again,
I'm gat to be a lonely gairl

An' dis is happen den ;
I see a bran' new buggy com'
Down road where we leeve at,
It's drive by Pierre Minot, it ees,
My heart go pit-a-pat.

But w'at you t'ink was in ma min',
W'en he go drivin' by,
An' not look h'right or to de lef'
But hol' hees head so high!
An' den I stamp my heel wid rage,
I grin' beneat' my feet
De rose I pick for heem to geeve,
My heart turn col' lak' sleet.

For years all of de garcon here
Dey do jus' w'at I say—
An' now dis bol' Pierre Minot,
He wan' to ac hees way ;
An' so I cry for long, long, tam',
Den look down by de gate
An' op de padt walk Pierre Minot,
De man I—almos' hate.

He whistle tune—"Après du Bal,"
An' "High Born Lady," too,
An' tip hees hat an' bow to me.
An' say, "How do you do?
I not expec' to fin' you home,
I t'ought you go away
An' h'ride along each Sunday tam',
Wid dat young Lettelier."

He also say, "I t'ought you had
Mor' taste dan tak' a ride
Wid man dat's got t'ree four black eyes,
I t'ought I would decide
To come an' geeve you wan gran' spin
'Way down chemin public,
Hein! Bientot, you come wid me,
An' be about it quick!"

W'at's more to do I am not know,
I'm almos' 'fraid refuse,
He mak' me gat my hat an' com';
To say no is "no" use,

He lif' me op in de high seat,
Unhitch an' jump in too,
An' soon we mak' t'ree forty gait—
My! how dat horse he flew.

De boggay he has got red wheels,
De wheels she's rubber tire—
An' w'en dey go spin down de road
Dey seem lak' dere on fire;
I almos' t'ink if Pierre not hol'
Mos' clos' on tight to me,
I would be fri'ht ver' near to death,
I's scare' as I can be.

But somehow w'en hees gr'ad, beeg arm
Was hol' me roun' de wais'!
I don' gat w'ite som' mor' wid fear,
But turn red on de face.
Oh my wid rage I'm mad wid heem
W'at could a poor gairl do,
For hav' a man cut op lak' dat,
An' ac' lak' hees bran' new?

Den Pierre look op an' catch ma eye,
An' w'en to me he say,
"Rosalie, dear, w'at do you t'ink,
Ees it not pretty day?"
I say to heem, "De day's all right,
But any fool would know
All 'bout dat 'fore dey spec' it out,
An' tell you 'bout it so."

De twilight com', we're jogging 'long
De road down L'Arable Way,
An' Pierre keep talkin' all de tam,
I can't gat word to say.
He tell me, "Dere is une fine farm,
How do you lak' the trees,
Dat line de orchard on de lef',
For keep out nort' win' breeze?"

Dere is new house a building op
De roof is almos' done.
I order dat for you an' me
W'en you an' me are wan."
An' den he smile on de same way;
I use to do dat, too,

W'en I had garçon on de string,
An' keep dem in a stew.

I try to gat away from heem,
But Pierre gat tighter grip,
An' den he talk mos' different,
As 'long de road we skip;
He say, "Ma Rosalie, ma chere,"
In voice dat's sof' an' low,
I nevere heard so sweet a soun'
As he is speak, dat so.

"Ah, mon ami, can you not see
I treat you rough because,
Dat's only way to keep out reach
Your pretty tiger claws."
An' w'en he see de leddle tear,
He fol' me to hees breas'
An' kees me once, maybe t'ree tam,
An' smood me wid caress.

An' den he ax w'en I marray
An' nevere from heem part.
An' den som't'ing jump on my t'roat,
I t'ink it was my heart;
I cannot speak a word to heem,
My face all blush wid red,
No better he ees understan'
If hundred word I said.

It is tomorrow morning dat
I marray Pierre Minot,
I wander if I mak' a dream,
Or if it can be so.
But still I see hees picture dere,
It hang upon de wall;
He is Mon Pierre I lof' so well,
He's bes' man of dem all.

The Habitant

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

De place I get born, me, is up on de reever
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc
Beeg' mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it
An' whole place she's mebbe two honder arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran'fader too, an' hees fader also,
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know—

All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ryboddy,
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere
On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

O! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin',
W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue—
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter
An' back on de medder is sing de goulou.

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture,
Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,
Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each oder
An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was crack—

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
So she kick hërse'f up, an' start off on de race
Wit' de two-year-old heifer, dat's purty soon lef' her,
W'y ev'ryt'ing 's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin'
Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne—
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' dore' is jompin'
Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de fonne.

But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long wit' us
An' firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex' year,
Den bee commence hummin', for summer is comin',
And purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

Dat's very nice tam for wake up on de mornin'
An' lissen de rossignol sing ev'ry place,
Feel sout' win' a-blowin', see clover a-growin',
An' all de worl' laughin' itself on de face.

Mos' ev'ry day raf' it is pass on de rapide
De voyageurs singin' some old chanson
'Bout girl down de reever, too bad dey mus' leave her
But comin' back soon wit' beaucoup d'argent.

An' den w'en de fall an' de winter come roun' us,
An' bird of de summer is all fly away,
W'en mebbe she's snowin' an' nort' win' is blowin'
An' night is mos' t'ree tam so long as de day.

You t'ink it was bodder de habitant farmer?
Not at all—he is happy an' feel satisfy,
An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de woodpile
Is ready for burn on de stove bye an' bye.

W'en I got plaintee hay put away on de stable,
So de sheep an' cow, dey got no chance to freeze,
An' de hen all togedder—I don't min' de wedder—
De nort' win' may blow jus' so moche as she please.

An' some cole winter night how I wish you can see us
W'en I smoke on de pipe, an' de ole woman sew
By de stove of T'ree Réever, ma wife's fader geev
her
On day we get marry, dat's long tam ago.

De boy an' de girl, dey was readin' its lesson,
De cat on de corner she's bite heem de pup,
Ole "Carleau" he's snorin' an' beeg stove is roarin'
So loud dat I'm scare purty soon she bus' up.

Philomene—dat's de oldes'—is sit on de winder
An' kip just so quiet lak wan leetle mouse,
She say de more finer moon never was shiner—
Very fonny, for moon isn't dat side de house.

But purty soon den, we hear foot on de outside,
An' some wan is place it hees han' on de latch,
Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brule
He's tak' it firs' prize on de grand ploughin' match.

Ha! ha! Philomene! dat was smart trick you play us
Come help de young feller tak' snow from hees neck,
Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de winder
W'en moon you was look for is come, I expec,—

Isidore, he is tole us de news on de parish
'Bout hees Lajeunesse Colt—travel two forty, sure,
'Bout Jeremie Choquette, come back from Woon-
socket
An' t'ree new leetle twin on Madame Vail lancour'.

But nine o'clock strike, an' de chil'ren is sleepy,
Mese'f an' ole woman can't stay up no more;
So alone by de fire—'cos dey say dey ain't tire—
We lef' Philomene an' de young Isidore.

I s'pose dey be talkin' beeg lot on de kitchen
'Bout all de nice moon dey was see on de sky,
For Philomene's takin' long tam get awaken
Nex't day, she's so sleepy on bote of de eye.

Dat's wan of dem t'ings, ev'ry tam on de fashion,
An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat was never be seen.
Got not'ing for say me—I spark it sam' way me
W'en I go see de moder ma girl Philomene.

We leev very quiet 'way back on de contree
Don't put on sam style lak de big village,
W'en we don't get de monee you t'ink dat is fonny
An' mak' plaintee sport on de Bottes Sauvages.

But I tole you—dat's true—I don't go on de city
If you geev de fine house an' beaucoup d'argent—
I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me
On farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.

The Tin Gee-Gee

FRED CAPE

I was strolling one day, down the Lowther Arcade,
That place for children's toys—
Where you can purchase a dolly or a spade,
For your good little girls and boys.
And as I passed a certain stall,
Said a little wee voice to me:
“Oh, I am a Colonel, in a little cock'd hat,
And I ride on a tin gee-gee.”

Then I looked, and a little, tin soldier I saw,
In his little cocked hat so fine;
He'd a little tin sword, that shone in the light,
As he led a glittering line
Of tin hussars, whose sabres flashed in a manner a la
 militaree,
Whilst that little, tin soldier he rode at their head,
So proud on his tin gee-gee.

Then that little tin soldier he sobbed and he sighed,
So I patted his little tin head.
“What vexes your little tin soul?” said I,
And this is what he said;

Poems of Worth

"I've been on this stall a very long time,
And I'm marked one-and-nine, as you see,
While just on the shelf above my head,
There's a fellow marked two-and-three.

Now he hasn't got a sword and he hasn't got a horse,
And I'm quite as good as he;
Then why mark me at one-and-nine,
And him at two-and-three?
There's a pretty little dolly girl over there, and I'm madly
in love with she;
But now that I'm only marked one-and-nine, she turns up
her nose at me,
She turns up her little wax nose at me and flirts with
two-and-three.

"And, oh! she's dressed in a beautiful dress,
It's a dress I do admire;
She has pearly, blue eyes that open and shut,
When worked inside by a wire.
And, once on a time, when the folks had gone, she winked
her eye at me,
But now that I'm only marked one-and-nine she turns
up her nose at me,
She turns up her little snub nose at me,
And 'carries on' with two-and-three."

"Cheer up, my little tin man," said I,
"I'll see what I can do;
You're a fine, little fellow, and it is a shame
That she should so treat you."
So I took down the label from the upper shelf, and I
labelled him two-and-three,
And I marked the other one, one-and-nine, which was
very, very wrong of me.
But I felt so sorry for that little tin soul,
As he rode on his tin gee-gee.

Now that little tin soldier he puffed with pride,
At being marked two-and-three;
And that saucy, little dolly-girl smiled once more,
For he'd risen in life, do you see!
And it's so in this world, for I'm in love with a maiden
of high degree,
But I am only marked one-and-nine, and the other chaps
two-and-three;
And a girl never looks at one-and-nine,
With a possible two-and-three.

De Cirque at Ol' Ste. Anne

WALLACE BRUCE AMSBRARY

(From the Ballads of the Bourbannais)

I'm ride overe from Papinear, premier-classe cirque for
see,

Dat's advertise for com' Ste. Anne an' mak' som' fun
vid me.

I'm tak' along my Julie gairl, I gat her on de way,
Ve're off for have une jolie tam', a full all holiday.

Ve see de animal so vil', gran' lion in de cage,
He's valk it op an' down aroun' lak he vas in a rage.
Regardes monkey an' giraffe vit neck so long an' slim,
You's almos' need a telephone to say "hello" at him.

Beeg crowd was all de cage aroun' for see w'at dey could
see,

Dey wan' to gat dere money's wort', mos' squeeze de life
off me;

We see de zebra; den I t'ink wil' man from Borneo,
An' w'en we gat t'roo dat moch dere into beeg tent we go.

I'm buy pop-corn, also peanut, donnay to my Julie,
Ve's eat it all togedder op, Oh my, we have une spree!
Nex' t'ing ve sat in hippodrome, in deux grand reserve
seat—

I pay ten cent extray for dem for view dey can't be beat.

So moch for see dat's goin' on, I'm gat all mix op yet;
It's all so good I can't mak' out jus' w'ere ma eyes for set.
Beeg man vas op on high trapeze, an' pretty lady—Oo!
She's hang by teeth an' hair, by gar! t'row keeses at you,
too!

A' w'en my eyes light on dat gairl, Julie vas gat jealous;
She mak' de lips so poutin', so vid rage she nearly bus';
An' den I tak' her sof', white han' an' hold it gentle so,
An' try to feex it up all h'right, but fin' it quite hard go.

Julie vas feel moch better ven dat lady go away,
She laugh vid me at funny clown, at all de t'ings he say;
Mos' excentrique come elephan' stan' right out on his
head,

An' den he lay upon de groun', preten' dat she is dead.

De acrobat he's tumble roun' all overe de whole place;
De ring man shout an' crack his whip at horses in de race.
Den ve tak' in de concert grand, an' lak' dat might' well,
too,

An' w'en ve see de peoples go, ve know dat show vas
t'roo.

An' w'en I'm takin' Julie home dat night de moon vas
shine—

I'm mak' it to her mighty plain, I'm ax for her to be mine;
But Julie say she very 'fraid, I'm lof Ma'm'selle Tra-
peese,

Because she grand an' t'row de kees. (I no like Julie
tease.)

An' so I up an' tole yer dat I lof' jus' her onlee.
Her cheeks dey blush de colour rouge, her eyes flash lak'
de sea,

Her lips vas lak de gran' sunset, I can no' long keep 'vay,
I'm mak' de smack right on de spot, Oh, vat a holiday!

I'm mak' de marry quite ver' soon, an' now, you under-
stan'—

Pourquoi I tak' my Julie gairl pour cirque at ol' St. Anne.

De Captaine of De "Marguerite"

WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY

(From The Ballads of the Bourbonnais)

You vant to know who 'tis I am?

You're stranger man, I see;

I don't min' tell you som't'ing

Concern' de life of me.

My fadder's com' from Canadaw,

'Long wid Pere Chiniquy,

'Vay in de early fifty year

To lan' of libertee.

An' I am born here on de State,

An' rose soon high to be

De Captaine of de Marguerite

Dat sails de Kankakee.

De people all is know me here

When I vent down de street,

Vit' moch respec' dey bow to me,

Ven evere dem I'd meet.

De ladies call me "Captaine,"

De men is call me "Cap;"

De children overe de 'hole place
Dey's mos'ly call me "Pap;"
I'm "caractere publique," dey say
W'at evere dat may be,
I'm Captaine of de Marguerite
Dat sails de Kankakee.

An' w'en de Great Beeg Var bus' out—
In nineteen seventeen,
No more paytr'otic man dan me
I tink you nevere seen.
I've now de chance to go to front;
I vill be brave, bol' man
An' finish up de Bosch by gar!
But I fight not on lan',
I go upon ze gentlemen
Of var, I say to me:
I'm Captaine of de Marguerite
Dat sails de Kankakee.

An' den I put de Marguerite
In dry dock for avile;
I gat me to Chicago town
My face is all wan smile;
Dey mak' recruit for navey dere,
For seaman advertise;
De officere he's dress' lak doode,
Say: I's mos' undersize.
"Vat exper'ence it is you have,
My man?" he say to me.
Den I tol' heem 'bout de Marguerite
Dat sails de Kankakee.

An' ven he hear me all of dis,
He mak' de gran' salute
An' say: he vill accept me—
Mighty glad of dat to boot;
Ven M'sieu Adm'ral Simms by gar!
De Boss man of de fleet,
Vos hear dat I join de navey
Vill lif' heem off hees feet.
All of dis talk I hear I t'ink
Is gratify to me
As Captaine of de Marguerite
Dat sails de Kankakee.

Poems of Worth

An' ven ve lay de mine barage
All overe de Nort' Sea
I's man de boat dat's go in front
To mak' de way all free.
Sometime dose bullet dey com' fas'
An' death Hee's com' dere too;
An' in dat hell of fire an' smoke
Vos awful how-de-do,
It's differante from quiet tams
Dan ven I go to sea.
I was Captaine of de Marguerite
Dat sails de Kankakee.

An' ven we meet a submarine
I's cut up wan beeg dash.
I's on de little chaser dat
Is smash 'em all to smash.
De British boat, an' Frenchman too
Were not in it at all wid us
We mak' 'em scat lak' grasshoppere
Wid shells we mak' 'em bus'
I's man behin' de gun—I's drop
De depth bomb don't you see
'ee Captaine of de Marguerite
Dat sails de Kankakee.

An' ven de war is overe,
I gat Honerab' Discharge
It's den I t'ink I've tam to t'ink
Of Rosalie Le Farge.
Dat girl shee's twice refuse me wance;
But now dat I'm hero
Shee's t'ink about me two, t'ree tam
Before shee's let me go.
Shee's glad I no mak' bait for shark
Dat's swim upon de sea
But still de Captaine of my boat
Dat sails de Kankakee.

At home dey meet me wid brass ban',
Sky rocket and flambeau;
Dey turn de town upside overe
To me de rose dey t'row;
I's ride in state to Cite Hall,
To me day mak' a speak,
I try to mak' wan, too, but I
Gat meex up an' I steek;

Poems of Worth

I's talk about de country dat
I save, an' 'bout de flag,
An' den I set me down again—
For me I no lak' brag.
It's not become de hero man
To speak an' talk so free
Nor de Captaine of de Marguerite
Dat sails de Kankakee.

An' den dere vas de gran' banquay
To honneur me dey geeve,
De maire an' all de council here
In Kankakee dat leeve.
Dey mak' a toas', I geeve wan back,
Ve haf' some jollie fon;
An' den we sing an' laugh an' shout
Den de 'hole place we rone;
Dey's fill me op wid cognac
Till again I's on de sea
Former Captaine of de Marguerite
Dat sails de Kankakee.

An' now I'm com' back from de var
I t'ink I's rose op high,
If I keep on a going op
I'll gat on top de sky.
Dey say I vas premiere factor
In fight opon de sea.
An' now when I go down de street
Here's w'at dey say to me;
De ladies call me "Admiral,"
De men is call me "Ad,"
De children overe de 'hole place
Dey's lov' to call me "Dad,"
Dat's why I wear de plume superb
Commander Gran' you see
For I'm Admiral now of de 'hole fleet
Dat sails de Kankakee.

So many people ask me, "Ad,
Who is it win de fight
An' put de Bosch upon de blink
An' finish heem up right?
It ees wan questione delicate
To ask of me who done
So much to win de victory
An' put 'em on de run,

De British claim, de Frenchman claim
But if you wan' to learn,
I'll tell you on de quietness
About de 'hole concern.
Wid modestee and reluctance
I do admit 'twas me,
Former Captaine of de Marguerite
Dat sails de Kankakee.

The Ould Plaid Shawl

(SELECTED)

Not far from old Kinvara in the merry month of May,
When birds were singing cheerily there came across my
way,

As if from out the sky above an angel chanced to fall,
A little Irish colleen in an'ould, plaid shawl.

She tripped along right joyously, a basket on her arm,
And oh! her face, and oh! her grace, the soul of saint
would charm.

Her brown hair rippled o'er her brow, but greatest charm
of all,

Was her modest blue eyes beaming 'neath her ould, plaid
shawl.

I courteously saluted her, "God save you, Miss," says I,
"God save you kindly, Sir," said she, and shyly passed
me by,

Off went my heart along with her, a captive in her thrall,
Imprisoned in the corner of her ould plaid shawl.

Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in pure delight,
Till round an angle of the road she vanished from my
sight,

But ever since I sighing say, as I that scene recall,
"The grace of God about you and your ould plaid shawl."

Some men sigh for riches and some men live for fame,
And some on history's pages hope to win a glorious
name;

My aims are not ambitious and my wishes are but small,
You might wrap them all together in an ould plaid shawl.

I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek her all
through Clare,

I'll search for tale or tidings of my trav'ler ev'rywhere
For peace of mind I'll never find until my own I call,
That little Irish colleen in her ould plaid shawl.

He Wasn't In It

(SELECTED)

They built a church at his very door,

He wasn't in it.

They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor,

He wasn't in it.

"Let 'um work fer themselves as he had done,

They wouldn't need help from anyone,

He wasn't in it.

If they hadn't wasted each golden minute!"

He wasn't in it.

His friends in the hall of virtue met

He wasn't in it.

He watched their progress without regret,

Too high the aim—for him to win—

He wasn't in it.

A carriage crept slowly along one day,

And he was in it.

The funeral trappings made quite a display,

And he was in it.

St. Peter met him with book and bell,

"You have purchased a ticket to—

Well—your elevator goes down in a minute,"

And—he was in it.

Kentucky Philosophy

HARRISON ROBERTSON

You Wi'yam, cum 'ere, suh, dis instunce. Wu' dat you
got under dat box?

I do' want no foolin'—you hear me? Wut you say?
Ain't nu'h'n but rocks?

'Peahs ter me you's owdashus p'ticler. S'posin' dey's uv
a new kine,

I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi yi! der you think
dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain water-million, you scamp, en I knows
whah it growed;

It comes fum de Jimmerson cawn-fiel', dah on ter side
er de road.

You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you
fum down in de lot,

Poems of Worth

En time I gets th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n
be a grease spot!

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy! go cut me a hick'ry—
make 'ase!

En cut me de toughes' en keenes' you c'n fine anywhah on
de place.

I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yam Joe Vettters, ter steal en ter
lie, you young sinner,

Disgracin' yo' ol' Christian mammy, en makin' her leave
cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur? I is. I's 'shamed
you's my son!

En de holy accorjan angel he's 'shamed er wut you has
done;

En he's tuk it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red
letters,

"One water-million stoled by Wi'yam Josephus Vettters."

En wut you s'posen Brer Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday
school,

U'd say ef he knowed how you's broke de good Lawd's
Gol'n Rule?

Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun' fuh ter
be a black villiun?

I's s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's
water-million.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you shain't have
nary bite,

Fuh a boy who'll steal water-millions—en dat in de day's
broad light,

Ain't—Lawdy! it's green! Mirandy! Mirandy! come on
wi' dat switch!

Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n water-million! who ever yeered
tell er des sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you thump 'um, en
we'n dey go pank dey is green;

But w'en dey go punk, now you mine me, dey's ripe—en
dat's wut I mean.

En nex' time you hook water-millions—you heered me,
you ign'ant, you hunk,

Ef you do' want a lickin' all over, be sho dat dey allers
go "punk!"

The Smack in School

W. P. PALMER

A district school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one Winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise,
Of three-score mingled girls and boys.

Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent;
The while the master's downward look,
Was fastened on a copy-book.

When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack,
As 'twere a battery of bliss,
Let off in one tremendous kiss.

"What's that?" the startled master cries,
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willeth, if you pleathe;
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe."

With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thunder'd, "Hither, Will,"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,

Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.

With smile suppressed and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered; "I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!

Before the whole set school to boot;
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she, herself, sir," sobb'd the lad,
"I did not mean to be so bad:

But, when Susannah shook her curls,
And whisper'd, I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,

But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wish'd me to."

In the Usual Way

(SELECTED)

There was once a little man and his rod and line he took,
For he said, "I'll go a-fishing in the neighboring brook";
Now it chanced a little maiden was walking out that day,
And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat him down beside her and an hour or two
went by,
But still upon the grassy brink his rod and line did lie:
"I thought," she shyly whispered, "You'd be fishing all
the day?"
And he was—in the usual way.

So he gravely took his rod in hand and threw his line
about,
But the fish perceived distinctly that he was not looking
out;
And he said, "Sweetheart, I love you," but she said she
couldn't stay,
But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them and she gave a little
sigh,
As they watched the silver ripples like the moments run-
ning by;
"We must say good-bye," he whispered by the soldiers
old and gray,
And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day, beside the stream they wandered to and
fro,
And day by day the fishes swam securely down below,
Till this little story ended, as such little stories may,
Very much—in the usual way.

And now that they are married, do they always build
and coo?
Do they never fret and worry as other couples do?
Does he cherish her and love her; does she honor and
obey?
Well, they do—in the usual way.

Signs of the Times

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Air a-gittin' cool an' coolah,
Frost a-comin' in de night,
Hicka' nuts an' wa'nuts fallin',
Possum keepin' out o' sight.
Tu'key struttin' in de ba'nya'd,
Nary step so proud ez his;
Keep on struttin', Mistah Tu'key
Yo' do' know what time it is.

Cidah press commence a-squeakin'
Eatin' apples sto'ed away,
Chillun swa'min' 'roun' lak ho'nets,
Huntin' aigs ermung de hay.
Mistah Tu'key, keep on gobblin'
At de geese a-flyin' souf,
Oomph! dat bird do' know whut's comin';
Ef he did he'd shet his mouf.

Pumpkin gittin' good an' yallah
Mek me open up my eyes;
Seems lak it's a-lookin' at me,
Jes' a-la'in' dah sayin' "Pies."
Tu'key gobbler gwine 'roun' blowin',
Gwine 'roun' gibbin sas an' slack;
Keep on talkin', Mistah Tu'key,
You ain't seed no almanac.

Fa'mer walkin' th'oo de ba'nya'd
Seein' how things is comin' on,
Sees ef all de fowls is fatt'nin'—
Good times comin' sho's you bo'n.
Hyeahs dat tu'key gobbler braggin',
Den his face break in a smile—
Nebbah min', you sassy rascal,
He's gwine nab you atter while.

Choppin' suet in de kitchen,
Stonin' raisins in de hall,
Beef a-cookin' fu' de mince meat,
Spices groun'—I smell 'em all.
Look hyeah, Tu'key, stop dat gobblin'
You ain' lured de sense ob feah,
You ol' fool, yo' naik's in dangah,
Do' you know Thansksgibbin's hyeah?

In the Morning

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

'Lias! 'Lias! Bless de Lawd!
Don' you know de day's erbroad?
Ef you don' git up, you scamp,
Dey'll be trouble in dis camp.
T'ink I gwine to let you sleep,
W'ile I meks yo' boa'd an' keep?
Dat's a putty howdy-do—
Don' you hyeah me, 'Lias—you?

Bet ef I come crost dis flo',
You won' fin' no time to sno'.
Daylight all a-shinin' in
W'ile you sleep—w'y hit's a sin!
Ain't de can'le-light enough,
To bu'n out widout a snuff,
But you go' de mo'nin' thoo
Bu'nin' up de daylight too?

'Lias, don' you hyeah me call?
No use tu'nin' to'ds de wall;
I kin hyeah dat mattus squeak,
Don' you hyeah me we'n I speak?
Dis hyeah clock done struck off six—
Ca'line, bring me dem ah sticks!
Oh, you down, suh; huh, you down—
Look hyeah, don' you daih to frown.

Ma'ch yo'se'f an' wash yo' face,
Don' you splattah all de place;
I got somep'n else to do,
'Sides jes' cleanin' aftah you.
Tek dat comb an' fix yo' haid—
Looks jes' lak a feddah baid.
Look hyeah, boy, I'll let you see
You sha'n't roll yo' eyes at me.

Come hyeah, bring me dat ah strap!
Boy, I'll whup you 'twell you drap;
You done felt yo'se'f too strong,
An' you sholy got me wrong.
Set down at dat table thaih,
Jes' you whimpah ef you daih!
Evah mo'nin' on dis place,
Seem lak I mus' lose my grace.

Fol' yo' han's an' bow yo' haid—
Wait ontwell de blessin' 's said;
"Lawd' have mussy on ouah souls"
(Don' you daih to tech dem rolls.)
"Bless de food we gwine to eat."
(You set still—I see yo' feet;
You jes' try dat trick agin!)
"Gin us peace an' joy. Amen!"

Little Brown Baby

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
Come to yo' pappy an' set on his knee.
What you been doin', suh—makin' san' pies?
Look at dat bib—you's ez du'ty ez me.
Look at dat mouf—dat's merlasses, I bet;
Come hyeah, Maria, an' wipe off his han's.
Bees gwine to ketch you an' eat you up yit,
Bein' so sticky an' sweet—goodness lan's!

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
Who's pappy's darlin, an' who's pappy's chile?
Who is it all de day nevah once tries
Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat smile?
Whah did you git dem teef? My, you's a scamp!
Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin?
Pappy do' know you—I b'lieves you's a tramp;
Mammy, dis hyeah's some ol' straggler got in!

Let's th'ow him ouden de do' in de san',
We do' want stragglers a-layin' 'roun' hyeah;
Let's gin him 'way to de big buggah-man,
I know he's hidin' erroun' hyeah right neah.
Buggah-man, buggah-man, come in de do',
Hyeah's a bad boy you kin have fu' to eat.
Mammy an' pappy do' want him no mo',
Swaller him down f'om his haid to his feet!

Dah, 'now, I t'ought dat you'd hug me up close.
Go back, ol' buggah, you sha'n't have dis boy.
He aint no tramp ner no straggler, of co'se;
He's pappy's pa'dner an' playmate an' joy.
Come to yo' pallet now—go to yo' res';
Wisht you could allus know ease an' cleah skies;
Wisht you could stay jes' a chile on my breas'—
Little brown baby wif' spa'klin' eyes!

The Old Front Gate

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

W'en daih's chillun in de house,
Dey keep on a-gittin' tall;
But de folks don' seem to see,
Dat dey's growin' up at all.
'Twell dey—fin' out some fine day
Dat de galls has 'menced to grow,
W'en dey notice as dey pass,
Dat de front gate's saggin' low.

W'en de hinges creak and cry,
An' de bahs go slantin' down,
You kin reckon dat hit's time
Fu' to cas' yo' eye erroun',
'Cause daih ain't no 'sputin' dis,
Hit's de trues' sign to show,
Dat daih's cou'tin' goin' on
W'en de ol' front gate sags low.

Oh, you grumble an' complain,
An' you prop dat gate up right.
But you notice right nex' day,
Dat hit's in de same ol' plight.
So you fin' dat hit's a rule,
An' daih ain' no use to blow,
W'en de gals is growin' up,
Dat de front gate will sag low.

Den you t'ink o' yo' young days,
W'en you cou'ted Sally Jane,
An' you so't o' feel ashamed
Fu' to grumble an' complain,
'Cause yo' ricerlection says,
An' you know hits wo'ds is so,
Dat huh pappy had a time,
Wid his front gate saggin' low.

So you jes' looks on an' smiles,
At 'em leanin' on de gate,
Tryin' to t'ink whut he kin say
Fu' to keep him daih so late,
But you lets dat gate erlone,
Fu' yo' 'sperunce goes to show,
'Twell de gals is ma'ied off,
It gwine keep on saggin' low.

Encouragement

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Who dat knockin' at de do'?
Why, Ike Johnson,—yes, fu' sho!
Come in, Ike, I's mighty glad
You come down. I t'ought you's mad
At me 'bout de othah night,
An' was stayin' 'way fu' spite.
Say, now, was you mad fu' true,
W'en I kin' o' laughed at you?
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

'Tain't no use a-lookin' sad,
An' a-mekin' out you's mad;
Ef you's gwine to be so glum,
Wondah why you evah come.
I don't like nobody 'roun'
Dat jes' shet dey mouf an' frown,—
Oh, now, man, don't act a dunce!
Cain't you talk? I tol' you once,
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Wha'd you come hyeah fu' tonight?
Body'd t'ink yo' haid ain't right,
I's done all dat I kin do,—
Dressed perticular, jes' fu' you;
Reckon I'd 'a' bettah wo'
My ol' ragged calico.
Aftah all de pains I's took,
Cain't you tell me how I look?
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Bless my soul! I 'mos' fu'got
Tellin' you 'bout Tildy Scott.
Don't you know, come Thu'sday night,
She gwine ma'y Lucius White?
Miss Lize say I allus wuh
Heap sight laklier'n huh;
An' she'll git me somep'n new,
Ef I wants to ma'y too.
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

I could ma'y in a wèek,
Ef de man I wants 'ud speak.
Tildy's presents'll be fine,
But dey wouldn't ekal mine.

Him whut gits me fu 'a wife
'Ll be proud, you bet yo' life.
I's had offers; some ain't quit;
But I hasn't ma'ied yit!
Speak up, Ike an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Ike, I loves you,—yes I does;
You's my choice, and allus was.
Laffin at you ain't no harm.
Go 'way, dahky, whah's yo arm?
Hug me closer—dah, dat's right!
Wasn't you a awful sight,
Havin' me to baig you so.
Now ax whut you want to know,
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Da Farmer

T. A. DALY

I don'ta care eef all dees town
Turn upsi' down,
An' earthquake com' along som' day,
An' bust eet up, I gona 'way:
I won't be dere!
At last I gonna turn my face
From evratheeng een deesa place,
I don'ta care.

I don'ta care for town nohow;
I'm farmer now.
I gotta house dat stan's alone,
Three leetla rooms—but all my own—
Wan bed, two chair,
Wan stove, two table, an' wan wife,
So for dees town, you bat my life,
I don'ta care.

I don'ta care for ceety street,
Eet smals not sweet,
But now I know how mooch eet's worth
To own soni' leetla cleena earth,
To own som' aïr
Dat's sweet as wine upon da breath—
Here even eef I starve to death,
I don'ta care.

All's Well That Ends Well

T. A. DALLY

I am so glad as I can be,
I seeng, I dance, Signor,
Ah, sooch a lucky man like me
You nevva see bayfore.

Eet ees so like w'en sky ees gray,
Den—queeck—da sun bust through,
An' drivin' all da cloud away—
I tal eet all to you.

My wife an' me we no can gat
To mak' our minds da same,
W'en leetla boy ees com', for w'at
We gonna call hees name.

My Rosa, dat's my wife, she say
She gotta besta right
For call da keed her owna way,
An' so, my frand, we fight.

She say she want her fadder's name,
'Giovanni,' but, you see,
I want "Giacobbe," jus' da same
Wheech ees da name for me.

Wal, den dees theeng excite us so
An' mak' so bigga fuss,
Ees com' my reecha Uncle Joe
For feexin' theengs for us.

But w'en we find how hard eet seem
For feex, he tal us: "Wal,
I theenk ees best you call a heem
'Giuseppe' for mysal."

Dees mak' da case so bothersom',
My brain ees eena whirl;
I almost weesh w'en keed ees com'
He gonna be a girl.

Eh? No, he was no borna w'en
We fighta deesa way,
No baby eest leevin' den,
But see! ees com' today.

Not only wan of heem, but t'ree,
Eh? "Treeplets?" Yes, Signor.
Ah, soocha lucky man like me,
You nevva see bayfore.

Mia Carlotta

T. A. DALY

Giuseppe, da barber, ees greata for "mash,"
He gotta da bigga, da blacka moustache,
Good clo'es an' good styła an' playnta good cash.

W'en evra Giuseppe ees walk on da street,
Da peopla dey talka, "how nobby, how neat,
How softa da handa, how smalla da feet."

He leefta hees hat an' shaka hees curls,
An' smila weeth teetha so shiny like pearls;
Oh, manny da heart of da seelly, young girls,
He gotta,
Yes, playnta he gotta—
But notta
Carlotta!

Giuseppe, da barber, he maka da eye,
An' lika da steam engine puffa an' sigh,
For catcha Carlotta w'en she ees go by,
Carlotta she walka weeth nose in da air,
An' look through Giuseppe weeth far away stare,
As eef she no see there ees som'body dere.

Giuseppe, da barber, he gotta da cash,
He gotta da clo'es an' da bigga moustache,
He gotta da seelly, young girls for-da "mash,"
But notta—
You bat my life, notta—
Carlotta.
I gotta!

Between Two Loves

T. A. DALY

I gotta love for Angela,
I love Carlotta too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
So w'at I gonna do?

Oh Angela ees pretta girl,
She gotta hair so black, so curl,
An' teeth so white as anytheeng.
An' oh, she gotta voice to seeng,
Dat mak' your hearta feel eet must
Jump up an' dance or eet weell bust.
An' alla time she seeng, her eyes
Dey smila like Italia's skies,
An' makin' flirtin' looks at you—
But dat ees all w'at she can do.

Carlotta ees no gotta song,
But she ees twice so big an' strong
As Angela, an' she no look,
So beautiful—but she can cook.
You oughta see her carry wood;
I tal you w'at, eet do you good,
W'en she ees be som'bodys wife,
She worka hard, you bat my life.
She nevva gattin' tired, too—
But dat ees all w'at she can do.

Oh, my, I weesh dat Angela
Was strong for carry wood,
Or else Carlotta gotta song,
An' looka pretta good.
I gotta love for Angela,
I love Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
So w'at I gonna do?

The Lonely Honeymoon

T. A. DALY

You know dees Joe dat use' to go
For work weeth me, Signor?
He's marry, yestaday, you know,
An' gon' for Baltimore;

An' so deesgusta man like Joe
You nevva see bayfore.
Eh? No, da girl's all right, my frand;
Dat's mak' eet harder, too.

Ha, wait an' you weel ondrastand—
I tal eet all to you.
You see, dees Joe long time ago
Gat Rosa for hees mash,

An' evra seence he worka so
For mak' an, save da cash,
Baycause he want gat marry soon
An' mebbe takin', too,

Dees—wa't you calla—"honeymoon,"
Like 'Mericana do.
Wan day he tak' fi'-dollar note
An' go to steamship store

An' buy two teecket for da boat
Dat sail for Baltimore.
An' den he tal me: "Shut your mout'
An' justa looka wise.

Dees theeng ees no for talka 'bout;
Eet gonna be su'prise."
So, w'en dey marry yestaday
He smile so proud, Signor,

W'en he ees keess her cheek an' say:
"We sail for Baltimore."
Ah, den, my frand, so sadda sight
You nevva see. Oh, my,

Poor Rosa she ees gat so white
An' ees baygeen to cry.
"Ees dees," she say, "a weddin' treep?
Sooch fooleeshness you speak!

I no can stand eet een a sheep,
Da sea ees mak' me seeck."
Poor Joe, he swear an' den he keess,
An' coax an' beg her so,

For theenk of all dat she weell meess—
But no, she weell no go.
"O Rosa, mia," Joe ees cry,
"Your heart eet ees a stone,

For dat you mak' me say 'good-bye'
An' tak' da treep alone."
Oh, lonely honeymoon, an' oh,
So sadda man, Signor,

Dat gotta leave hees wife an' go
Alone for Baltimore!
So hearta-broka man like Joe
You nevva see bayfore.

The Harbinger

T. A. DALY

"Ees com' da spreeng," da people say,
"An' weenter-time ees gon' away."
I hope ees true, baycause, you know,
I am so seeck weeth ice an' snow;
I am so seeck eenside my soul
For gotta buy so moocha coal,
An' overcoat, an' warma clo'es,
An' hankacheef for blow my nose.

"Ees com' da spreeng," da peopla say,
An' so I am com' out today
For justa see eef eet ees true,
An' play da musica for you.
Da weend ees colda 'nough for mak'
Me wanta stop an' gona back.
But som'theeng w'eesper een my ear:
"Ees com' da spreeng, da spreeng ees here."

"Ees com' da spreeng," da peopla say,
Dat passa by an' hear me play
"Lucia" on my street-pian',
"O, see da Dago music-man!"
Dey say: "Dat's mean da weenter's past,
An' spreeng ees gattin' here at last."
I nevva hear sooch funny theeng,
Dey taka me for sign of spreeng.

Alla for Rosa

T. A. DALY

Chreesmus time ees vera funny, I no feel dees way bay-
fore,
I gone out an' spenda money, till I no got any more.
I jus' blowed dollar an' half on Rosa—dollar'n half for
buya reeng,
All for her, I no supposa she gon' geev me anytheeng.

Chreesmus mak' your heart so tender, like snow-ball w'en
eet melts,
You no care how mooch you spenda, jus' for pleasin' som'
one else,

Dat's a way dees Chreesmus fever catcha me, I got eet
bad,
I no care how moocha I geev her, jus' so long eet make
her glad.

I no want her geeve me notheeng; I goin' dees praisaint
free—
Jus' because Rosa tal me, she gonna marry wettle me.
Chreesmus time ees vera funny, I no feel dees way bay-
fore;
Mak' me gon' an' spenda money, tell I no got any more.

Wishes

T. A. DALY

Som'times, w'en beezeness ees bad
An' I am sad,
I weesh I was not born at all,
Or dat I could be w'at you call
A "domb theeng," like a stona wall;
Dat cannot speak or see or hear,
Or hope or fear.

I s'pose, my frand, you nevva gat
So bad as dat;
I s'pose, baycause you do so wal,
You always weesh to be yoursal',
You nevva say, like me, "O, hal,
I am no good, I weesh I might
Drop outa sight."

Mos' times I weesh dat I could be
Som' kind of tree;
For I could be alive an' steel
Not have to work for evvra meal,
An' weenter cold I would not feel—
An' I could mak' more pleasure, too,
Dan now I do.

All summer, cool would be da shade
Ma branches made
With greena leaves dat I would wear,
An' birds would com' an' seenga dere.
Den een da fall, w'en I was bare,
I would not have to do a theeng
But sleep teell spreeng.

The New Patriot

T. A. DALY

It ees no hard for Dago man to be a good American
Too dumb, too slow, you theenka me,
But I am smart enough to see,
The firsta theeng that you must know,
Ees how to speak the English so
That you can wave your hat and say—
The red, the white, the blue, Hooray.

To maka good American
You must try for skeen some other man.
Because you know that he will do
The sama kinda trick to you.
But you are just as good as heem,
And hee's just as good as you and me.
So long we all stand up and say
The red, the white, the blue, Hooray.

For land that I've been leevin' in
That flag the red, the white, the green ;
So alla that I gotta do
Ees just forget that green for blue.
I skeen you if I get the chance,
But that don't mak' no deeferance,
I good American and say,
The red, the white, the blue, Hooray.

Tillie Olson

(SELECTED)

Little Tillie Olson ban my little pearl,
God ain't never makin' any nicer girl.
Des here Queen of Sheba, she ban nice to see,
But little Tillie Olson ban gude enuf for me.

Aye ban yust a swamper working up in the woods
Aye ain't never hairn much ob dis world's goods,
Aye knew lots of ladies var Aye used to be,
Men, little Tillie Olson ban gude enuf for me.

Ven ve sit by fire-place-op at Tillie's house,
She ban cuddlin' near me, just lak little mouse,
After we ban married happy ve schall be,
Yes, little Tillie Olson ban gude enuf fer me.

An "If" for Girls

ELIZABETH LINCOLN OTIS

If you can dress to make yourself attractive,
Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight,
If you can swim and row, be strong and active,
But of the gentler graces lose not sight;
If you can dance without a craze for dancing,
Play without giving play too strong a hold,
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,
Care for the weak, the friendless and the old.

If you can master French and Greek and Latin,
And not acquire, as well, a priggish mien;
If you can feel the touch of silk and satin,
Without despising calico and jean.
If you can play a saw and use a hammer,
Can do a man's work when the need occurs,
Can sing, when asked, without excuse or stammer,
Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs.

If you can make good bread as well as fudges,
Can sew with skill, and have an eye for dust;
If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,
A girl whom all will love because they must.

If sometime you should meet and love another,
And make a home with faith and peace enshrined,
And you its soul,—a loyal wife and mother,—
You'll work out pretty nearly to my mind
The plan that's been developed through the ages,
And win the best that life can have in store,
You'll be, my girl, a model for the sages,
A woman whom the world will bow before.

Billy He's in Trouble

(SELECTED)

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out west,
An' my old heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast,
To think the boy, whose future I had once so proudly
planned,
Should wander from the path o' right an' come to sich
an end.

I told him when he left us only three short years ago,
He'd find himself a plowin' in a mighty crooked row,
He'd miss his father's counsel and his mother's prayers
too,

But he said the farm was hateful and he guessed he'd
have to go.

I know there's big temptation for a youngster in the west,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist,
An' when he left, I warned him o' the ever waitin' snares,
That lie like hidden sarpints in life's pathway every-
where's;

But Bill he promised faithful to be keerful an' allowed,
He'd build a reputation that would make us mighty
proud;

But it seems as how my counsel sort of faded from his
mind,

An' now the boy's in trouble of the very worstest kind.

His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o'
knowed,

That Billy was a trampin' on a mighty rocky road,
But never once imagined he would bow my head in
shame,

An' in dust 'd woller his old daddy's honored name.

He writes from out in Denver an' the story's mighty
short,

I just can't tell his mother it'd crush her poor old heart,
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to
her,

Bill's in the Legislatur' but he didn't say what fur.

The Turkey's Dream

ANONYMOUS

Last night I had a fearful dream, I tremble even yet—
I saw a table long and wide with many dishes set;
And at one end I seemed to be helpless and fat and hot,
And could not move a foot or wing to hasten from the
spot.

My stomach was uncomfortable, I could not draw my
breath,

Nor make a sound howe'er I tried; I really felt like
death.

I couldn't seem to find my head, my heart was out of
place,

And somehow I had sadly lost my dignity and grace.

Then such a racketing arose and scurrying through the
hall,

And then a lot of people came, master, wife and all.

The children who had been so kind and given me loads
to eat,
They danced around my prostrate form, my downfall
was complete.

Deceitful creatures that they are, for in my dream they
said,
“Ha! ha! old Turkey, where’s your pride, now you have
lost your head?”
I quivered with my burning wrongs—but no one seemed
to care,
For all sat down around the board, and bowed their heads
in prayer.

And then the master, that good man, took up a dreadful
knife,
And held it slant-wise over me, I trembled for my life.
But when a great fork pierced my breast I gave a jump
and scream,
And nearly tumbled off my perch in waking from my
dream.

Her Folks and Hiz’n

BEN KING

He married her ’cause she had money an’ some
Property left from her husband’s income,
But both of the families were awfully stirred,
And said the worst things ’at the town ever heard,
And her folks and hiz’n,
Er hizn and her’n
Never spoke to each other,
From what I can learn.

His folks begun it and just said ’at she
Was the worst actin’ thing they ever did see,
And ought to be ashamed for bein’ so bold,
’Cause her husband he hadn’t had time to get cold.
And her folks and hiz’n,
Er hizn and her’n
Never spoke to each other,
From what I can learn.

Her folks they all set up ’at he was no good,
An’ if ’twarn’t for her—well, he’d have to saw wood,
Then all of her kin, every blasted relation,
Said she’d lowered herself in their estimation,

So her folks and hiz'n,
And hizn and her'n
Never spoke to each other,
From what I can learn.

The sisters they told this, 'tween you and I,
'At they thought she wanted her husband to die.
An' they whispered around, but don't you lisp a word
The awfulest things that a soul ever heard.

And her folks and hiz'n,
Er hizn and her'n
Never spoke to each other,
From what I can learn.

They said 'at a travelin' man er a drummer,
Who stopped 'at the hotel a long time last summer,
That he, no it wasn't that, now, let me see—
That she—er, something like that, seems to me.

Well, her folks and hiz'n,
And hizn and her'n
Never spoke to each other,
From what I can learn.

I hear 'at the families keep up the old fight,
A roastin' each other from mornin' till night;
But the young maird couple, they've moved to the
city,

Where gossip don't go, but I think it's a pity that
Her folks and hiz'n,
Er hizn and her'n
Never spoke to each other,
From what I can learn.

If I Can Be by Her

BEN KING

I d-d-don't c-c-care how the r-r-robin sings,
Er how the r-r-rooster f-f-flaps his wings,
Er whether it sh-sh-shines er whether it p-p-pores,
Er how high up the eagle s-s-soars,
If I can b-b-be by her.

I don't care if th' p-people s-s-say,
'At I'm weak-minded every w-w-way,
An' never had no cuh-common sense,
I'd c-c-climb the highest p-picket fence,
If I could b-b-be by her.

You s-s-see sh-she weighs an awful pile,
B-but I d-don't care, sh-she's just my style,
An' any f-fool c-c-could p-plainly see,
She'd look well well b-b-by the side o' me,
If I c-c-could b-be by her.

If I could be by h-h-her, I'll s-s-swim,
The r-r-rest of life through th-th-thick and thin;
I'll throw my overcoat away,
An' s-s-stand out on the c-c-coldest day,
If I can b-b-be by her.

I b-b-braced right up, an' had the s-s-sand
To ask her f-f-father f-fer her hand;
He said, "What p-p-prospects have ye got?"
I said, "I g-g-guessed I'd have a lot,
If I can b-b-be by her."

The Pessimist

BEN KING

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone,
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas, alack,
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got,
Thus through life we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes,
Nothing at all but common sense,
Can ever withstand these woes.

If I Should Die To-night

BEN KING

If I should die tonight,
And you should come to my cold corpse and say
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay,
If I should die tonight,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large, white cravat,
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die tonight,
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel.
I say, if I should die tonight,
And you should come to me, and there and then,
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.

Sittin' by the Fire

(SELECTED)

Never much on stirrin' round,
Sich warn't his desire,
Always sartin to be found,
Sittin' by the fire.

When the snow came tumblin' down,
Cold winds creepin' nigher,
Spent each day, just that-a-way,
Sittin' by the fire.

When the dancin' shook the ground,
Raised the old roof higher,
Never swung the gals around,
Sot there by the fire.

Same old corner, night and day,
Never 'peared to tire,
Not a blessed word to say,
Sot there by the fire.

When he died by slow degrees
Folks said he's gone higher,
But it's my opinion that
He's sittin' by the fire.

Me an' Pap an' Mother

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

When I was a little tike
I set at th' table,
'Tween my mother an' my pap;
Eat all I was able.
Pap he fed me on one side,
Mammy on th' other.
Tell ye we was chums them days—
Me an' pap an' mother.

Sundays we'd take great, long walks
Through th' woods an' pasters;
Pap he al'ays packed a cane,
Mother'n me picked asters,
Sometimes they's a sister 'long,
Sometimes they's a brother;
But they al'ays was us three—
Me an' pap an' mother.

Pap he didn't gabble much,
Hel' his head down, thinkin',
Didn't seem t' hear us talk,
Nor the cow-bells clinkin'.
Love-streaks all 'peared worried out,
'Bout one thing er nuther;
Didn't al'ays understand pap—
That's me an' mother.

I got big an' went away;
Left th' farm behind me.
Thinkin' o' that partin' yit,
Seems to choke an' blind me.
'Course I'd be all safe an' good
With m' married brother,
But we had to part, us three—
Me an' pap an' mother.

Hurried back, one day, found pap
 Changed, an' pale an' holler ;
Seen right off he'd have to go—
 Where we couldn't foller.
Lovin' streaks all showed up then—
 Ah, we loved each other,
Talked fast, jest t' keep back tears—
 Me an' pap an' mother.

Pap he's dead, but mother ain't ;
 Soon will be I reckon ;
Claims already she can see
 Pap's forefinger beckon.
Life hain't long, I'll go myself
 One these days eruther,
Then we'll have good times agin',
 Me an' pap an' mother.

Purtier hills we'll have t' climb,
 Saunter 'long old fashion,
Hear th' wild birds singin' 'round,
 See th' river splashin'—
If God'd only let us three
 Be 'lone, like we'd ruther,
Heaven'd be a great ol' place,
 For me an' pap an' mother.

Finnigin to Flannigan

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

Superintendent wuz Flannigan ;
Boss av th' siction wuz Finnigin.
Whiniver th' cyars got off th' thrack
An' muddled up things t' th' divvle an' back,
Finnigin writ it t' Flannigan,
That is, this Finnigin
Reported t' Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furrst writ t' Flannigan,
He writed tin pages, did Finnigin ;
An' he towld just how th' wrick occurred.
Yis, minny a tajus, blunderin' wurrd,
Did Finnigan write t' Flannigan.
Afther th' cyars had gone on agin'—
That's th' way Finnigin
Reported t' Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigan—
He'd more idjication, had Flannigan,
An' ut wore 'm clane an' completely out,
T' tell what Finnigin writ about
In 's writin' t' Musther Flannigan.
So he writed this back. "Musther Finnigin:—
Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin."

Whin Finnigin got that frum Flannigan
He blushed rosy-red, did Finnigin.
An' he said, "I'll gamble a whole month's pay,
That ut'll be minny an' minny a day
Before sup'rintindint—that's Flannigan—
Gits a whack at that very same sin agin,
Frum Finnigin to Flannigan
Reports won't be long agin."

Wan day on th' siction av Finnigin,
On th' road sup'rintinded be Flannigan,
A ra-al give way on a bit av a curve,
An' some cyars wint off as they made th' shwarrve,
"They's nobody hurrted," says Finnigin,
"But repoorts must be made t' Flannigan."
As he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin' wuz Finnigin,
As minny a railroader's been agin,
An' 'is shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down 's report, wuz Finnigin,
An' he writed this here: "Musther Flannigan:—
Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin—Finnigin."

The Family Group

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

I hain't a spark o' city pride—at least so people say;
I don't care who finds out my hair is full o' germs o' hay.
I don't care who discovers that I growed upon a farm
An' hain't got ust t' street-cars ner that skeery fire-alarm.
But one sad memory makes me gasp like when I had th'
croup,
An' that's t' think how we all looked in that ol' family
group.

Poems of Worth

T' start in with, they's none of us would had it took that
day,

Jist happened we was all in town, 'cause Bill was goin'
away—

With his best bib an' tucker on; an' so he says t' me,
“Let's go an' git a fam'ly group, like Williamses,” says he.
O' course we all felt proud o' Bill, an' fell in with a
whoop,

An' flocked right up them gallery stairs t' git that family
group.

Th' photo-grapher kind o' laughed when we went flockin'
in—

I've spent some years, in later life, a figgerin' on that
grin.

An' Bill he bossed the job because he was a-goin' away—
Talked up an' showed that pictur man he wasn't any jay,
Th' feller went an hid awhile in some ol' smelly coop,
An' got 'is shooter ready fer t' take our family group.

He put pa in th' middle with ma settin' by his side,
He dragged Mahaly out from where she'd snuck away t'
hide,

He yanked our chins an' fixed our hands, an' pulled our
faces 'round,

An' handled us all over like he's buyin' us by th' pound.
Then went an' hid behind a rag an' give a little stoop,
An' says, “That's all—next Saturday.” He'd took our
fam'ly group.

I see it yit, Bill fixed up, lookin' like a bloomin' rose
Amongst a bunch o' rag-weeds, pa's a-wrinklin' up 'is
nose;

Mahaly's finger's in 'er mouth, Moll's got a sheepish
grin;

Tom's mad, an' I've got on some boots with awful
wrinkles in,

Ma's worried 'cause that head-clamp tilted up her bonnet
scoop—

I'm sorry Bill suggested that we git a family group.

Ma laughs about it, but she keeps it hangin' on th' wall.

Mahaly's dead—her baby's there, a-growin' big an' tall.

All of us is scattered out—some of us gittin' gray;

An' pa sets dreamin' on th' porch, through every sunny
day.

I guess God's gittin' ready fer t' make a gentle swoop

An' take us up t' where they'll be a better fam'ly group.

The Hired Man Says:

JOHN D. WELLS

A dad-burned hen that wants t' set—
Now there's the blamedest fool thing yet!
She'll set on nails or chiny eggs
Or vegetables, or wrap her legs
Around door-knobs or anything
A man puts under her, I jing!
An' there she'll set from morn 'til night
Without a-lookin' left or right,
An' do the work—in spite o' you—
The Lord cut out for her t' do.

Jist minds her business—eyes t' front—
Like me an' you an' others won't.
She ain't no hand for circus shows,
Nor sheriff sales, where mortal goes
An' shirk their work! She stays behind
With only one idee in mind;
T' save her brood from hawks, or pup,
An' fin'ly raise her fambly up,
An' raise 'em like they'd order be—
A fine example, 'pears t' me.

Mrs. Malone and the Censor

EDGAR A. GUEST

When Mrs. Malone got a letter from Pat,
She started to read it aloud in her flat.
“Dear Mary,” it started, “I can't tell you much,
I'm somewhere in France and I'm fightin' the Dutch;
I'm chokin' wid news that I'd like to relate,
But it's little a soldier's permitted t' state.
Do ye mind Red McPhee—well, he fell in a ditch,
An' busted an arm, but I can't tell ye which.

“An' Paddy O'Hara was caught in a flame
An' rescued by—Faith, I can't tell ye his name,
Last night I woke up wid a terrible pain;
I thought for awhile it would drive me insane.
Oh, the sufferin', I had was most dreadful t' bear,
I'm sorry, my dear, but I can't tell ye where,
The doctor he gave me a pill, but I find
It's conthrary to rules t' disclose here the kind.

I've been to the dintist an' had a tooth out,
I'm sorry t' leave you so shrouded in doubt,
But the best I can say is that one tooth is gone,
The censor won't let me inform you which one.
I met a young fellow who knows ye right well,
An' ye know him, too, but his name I can't tell,
He's Irish, red-headed, an' there with th' blarney,
His folks once knew your folks back home in Killarney."

"By gorry," said Mrs. Malone in her flat
"It's hard t' make sinse out av writin' like that,
But I'll give him as good as he sends, that I will."
So she went right to work with her ink well an' quill,
An' she wrote, "I suppose ye're dead eager fer news—
You know when ye left we were buyin' the shoes;
Well, the baby has come, an' we're both doin' well;
It's a——Oh, but that's somethin they won't let me tell."

The Jersey Cow

SELECTED

I met her in the meadow,
As the sun was sinking low,
We walked together quietly,
In the twilight after-glow.

She waited, while silently,
I lowered all the bars,
Her eyes were bent upon me,
As radiant as the stars.

She neither smiled nor thanked me,
Because she knew not how,
For I was only a country lad,
And she a Jersey cow.

Poems for Oral Expression Department

in

Elementary Schools

The Wind

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I saw you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky,
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts around the grass,
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself were hid,
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all.
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

O you, that are strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

Foreign Children

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees,
And the lions over-seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied, not to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh, don't you wish that you were me?

The Cow

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart.
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass,
And eats the meadow flowers.

My Shadow

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I have a little shadow, that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head,
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my
my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow,
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India rubber
ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him
at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me, in every sort of way,
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see,
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks
to me.

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every butter-cup,
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had staid at home behind me, and was fast asleep in bed.

The Weaving of the Flag

LYTTON COX

Oh a little boy one evening,
Sat watching the shadows fall—
When he fell asleep and he dreamed a dream,
Just the loveliest dream of all,
For he thought that the fairies were weaving—
A flag for his very own,
A gift he could love and cherish,
To be just his alone.
Then one brought a beam of the sunset,
As deep as the heart of a rose,
While another one brought a band of white
From the top of the first new snows,
Then they sewed them together with silver
They had woven from moonbeams bright,
The first a band of the sunset red,
And then a band of white.

And as they stood there watching,
These white and crimson bars—
One of them flew right into the sky,
And cut a patch out of the stars.
Then they put it up there in one corner,
And when they had fastened it there,
They knew not a thing in this whole wide world,
Could make this flag more fair.
They told him the red was for courage,
And the white, for a heart that is pure,
While the stars stand there for a steadfast hope,
And a faith that must endure.
Soon the little boy woke from his dreaming,
To look at the red, white and blue,
And he said, "My flag is the loveliest flag,"
And I think so too, don't you?

"One, Two, Three!"

H. C. BUNNER

It was an old, old old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin, little fellow,
With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be,
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down,
On his one little, sound, right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses one, two, three!

"You are in the china closet!"

He would cry and laugh with glee,
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had his two and three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer, old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard,
Where Mamma's things used to be,
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where he was hiding,
With a one and a two and a three.

And they never stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree,
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame, little knee,
This dear, dear, dear, old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

Suppose

PHOEBE CARY

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying,
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter,
To treat it as a joke,
And say, "you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not your head, that broke?"

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down;
Will it clear off any sooner,
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there's none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier,
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the things at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking,
To say, "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful,
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation,
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

The Sandman

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT

The rosy clouds float overhead,
The sun is going down;
And now the sandman's gentle tread,
Comes stealing through the town.
"White sand, white sand," he softly cries,
And as he shakes his hand,
Straightway there lies on baby's eyes,
His gift of shining sand.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown.
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

From sunny beaches far away,
Yes, in another land,
He gathers up at break of day,
His store of shining sand.
No tempests beat that shore remote,

No ships may sail that way;
His little boat alone may float,
Within that lovely bay.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close
Above the happy eyes;
And every child right well he knows,
Oh, he is very wise!
But if, as he goes through the land,
A naughty baby cries,
His other hand takes dull gray sand
To close the wakeful eyes.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

So when you hear the sandman's song,
Sound through the twilight sweet,
Be sure you do not keep him long,
A-waiting on the street.
Lie softly down, dear little head,
Rest quiet, busy hands,
Till, by your bed his good-night said,
He strews the shining sands,
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

Shopping for Sleep

(SELECTED)

Weary were my hands and very tired my feet,
As I once went a-shopping in Sleepy Town street,
But ev'ry shop I saw, no matter where I'd peep,
I couldn't buy a remnant of good, sound sleep.
So I bought a nod and a sleepy little yawn,
Then I stretched them and I stretched them till very
nearly dawn;
Bought a yard of poppies, one very tiny snore,
And a bright, little moon-beam I found on the floor.
Then I took this bundle and placed it on my bed,
And putting on my night-cap I laid down my head,
And while a little cricket was singing Bo-peep,
I sewed them all together and made a Sound-a-sleep.

Hurrah for the Flag!

(SELECTED)

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

I know where the prettiest colors are,
And I'm sure if I only knew,
How to get them here I could make a flag
Of glorious "Red, White, and Blue."

I would cut a piece from an evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high,
For my stars and field of blue.

Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,
And some red from a rainbow bright;
And put them together side by side,
For my stripes of red and white.

We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes,"
And we mean to be ever true,
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
The Red, the White, and the Blue.

Then hurrah for the flag! our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars too;
There is no flag in any land,
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue!"

The Spider and the Fly

MARY HOWITT

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly;

"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show when you are there."

"O no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin,

And if you'd like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."

"O no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said, They *never, never* wake again, who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do,

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?

I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome; will you please to take a slice?"

"O no, no," said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be;

I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise,

How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf,

If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,

And bidding you good-morning *now*, I'll call *another* day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,

For well he knew the silly Fly would soon be back again:

So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,

And set his table ready to dine upon the Fly.

Then came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,

"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing:

Your robes are green and purple; there's a crest upon your head;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,

Hearing his wily flattering words, came slowly flitting by.

Poems of Worth

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer
drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple
hue;
Thinking only of her crested head—*poor foolish thing!*
At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast,
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor; but she ne'er came out again!
And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give
heed;
Unto an evil counselor close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the
Fly..

The Children's Hour

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing, Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

Hiawatha's Childhood

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

By the shores of Gitche Gamee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis,
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"

Poems of Worth

Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings,
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,

Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there:
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis!"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language;
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

The Owl and the Pussy Cat

EDWARD LEAR

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea,
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
You are;
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married,—to long we have tarried,—
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there, in a wood, a Piggy-wig stood,—
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose;
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mice and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,—
The moon;
They danced by the light of the moon.

The Flag Goes By

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
Toward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

The Duel

EUGENE FIELD

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Not one nor t' other had slept a wink!

The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

The Night Wind

EUGENE FIELD

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yoooooooo?"
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear for it seems
To chill you through and through,
With a strange and speechless fear,
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folks should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep;
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
 "Yooooooooooooo,
 Yooooooooooooo,
 Yooooooooooooo."

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little tad)
That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad;
And, then when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,

I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant,
And "Who's been bad today?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in it's meaningful way;
"Yooooooooooooo,
Yooooooooooooo,
Yooooooooooooo."

That this was true I must allow—
You'll not believe it though,
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so,
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away,
From mother and the rest,
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true,
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone;
"Yooooooooooooo,
Yooooooooooooo,
Yooooooooooooo."

The Sugar Plum Tree

EUGENE FIELD

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown,
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town,
The fruit that it bears is so wonderously sweet,
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit that I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing,
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a ginger-bread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so;

You say but the word to that ginger-bread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest,
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest,
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat.

There are marshmallows, gumdrops and peppermint
canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains,
As much as your apron can hold,
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty, white night-cap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree,
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod

(Dutch Lullaby)

EUGENE FIELD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”
The old moon asked the three,
“We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea,
Nets of silver and gold have we,”
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
“Now cast your nets, wherever you wish—
Never afear'd are we;”
So cried the stars to the fishermen three;
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw,
To the stars in the twinkling foam.
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea,
But I shall name you the fisherman three;
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies,
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings,
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things,
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three;
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The Raggedy Man

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(From the Biographical Edition)

O The Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh,
When he drives out our little, old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good,
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do!
He clumb clean up in our big tree,
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' nother'n, too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' nother'n, too, fer The Raggedy Man.
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes;
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers themselves!
An' wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Ain't he a funny, old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he
Wuz makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me,
Says, "When you're big like your Pa is,
Air you go to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?
Er what air you goin' to be, goodness knows!"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man."
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

Our Hired Girl

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(From the Biographical Edition)

Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann:
An' she can cook best things to eat!
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
An' pours in somepin' 'ats good and sweet,
An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop
An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,
In th' old cook-stove, so's 'twon't slop
An' git all spilled; nen bakes it, so
It's custard pie, first thing you know!
An' nen she'll say;
"Clear out o' my way!
They's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she's mad,
An' say, "Folks got to walk the chalk
When she's around, er wisht they had,"
I play out on our porch an' talk

To Th' Raggedy Man 'at mows our lawn;
An' he says, "Whew!" an' nen leans on
His old crook-scythe, and blinks his eyes
An' sniffs around an' says, "I swawn!
Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,
It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!"
An' nen he'll say,
"Clear out o' my way!
They's time for work an' time fer play!
Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
Er she cain't git no cookin' done!"

Little Orphant Annie

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(From the Biographical Edition)

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an brush the crumbs
away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth,
an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-
an'-keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun,
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you ef you don't watch out!
Onc't they was a little boy (who) wouldn't say his
prayers—
So when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
His Mammy heered him holler, an' his Daddy heered him
bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there
at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole,
an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I
guess;
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-
about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you ef you don't watch out!
An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood and kin;
An' onc't, when they was "company," an' ole folks was
there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run and
hide,

There was two, great big black things a-standin' by her
side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
knowed what she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you ef you don't watch out!

An' little Orphant Annie says when the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,
You better mind your parents, an' your teachers fond
and dear,

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at cluster all about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you ef you don't watch out!

Only One Mother

GEORGE COOPER

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

They Didn't Think

PHOEBE CARY

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,

Then he took a bite ;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones,
Where to go or stay ;
She said, "I'm not a baby,
Here I am half-grown ;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone !"
Off she went, but somebody
Hiding saw her pass ;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly, young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong,
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"No, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me,
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him,
Before he'd time to blink ;
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble,
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,

Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety,
When no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows.
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
'Cause you didn't think.

Raining

ROBERT LOVEMAN

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
Tho clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee,
May find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

Poems for Fall and Winter

Autumn Leaves

GEORGE COOPER

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long;
Little brook, sing us your farewell song—
Say you're sorry to see us go;
Ah! you are sorry, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went;
Winter had called them and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a soft mantle over their heads.

How the Leaves Came Down

SUSAN COOLIDGE

"I'll tell you how the leaves came down,"
The Great Tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red,
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'Tis such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away."

So, for just one more merry day,
To the Great Tree the Leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the Great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the Great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The Great Tree looked down and smiled,
"Good-night, dear little Leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed!"

Time Enough

(SELECTED)

Two little squirrels out in the sun,
One gathered nuts, the other had none;
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he aroused him too late;
Down fell the snow from the pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed,
One always perfect, the other disgraced;
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said,
"I'll climb by and by from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling: Their locks have turned gray,
One as a governor is sitting today;
The other a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play,—
Living uncared for, dying unknown—
The business hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I long to impart in your thought;
Answer me this, and my story is done,
Which of the two you would be, little one?

September

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

The golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusky pods the milkweed
It's hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow-nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning,
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

The Squirrel's Arithmetic

ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL

High on the branch of a walnut-tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat.
What was he thinking so earnestly?
And what was he looking at?

The forest was green around him,
The sky all over his head;
His nest was in a hollow limb,
And his children snug in bed.

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er,
Busily thinking was he:
How many nuts for this winter's store
Could he hide in the hollow tree?

He sat so still on the swaying bough,
You might have thought him asleep.
Oh, no; he was trying to reckon now
The nuts the babies could eat.

Then suddenly he frisked about,
And down the tree he ran.
"The best way to do, without a doubt,
Is to gather all I can."

October's Bright Blue Weather

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

O, sun and skies and clouds of June
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour,
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant.

When gentians roll their fringes tight,
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning.

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls,
Are leaves of woodbine twining.

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing.

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting.

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright, blue weather.

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year,
October's bright blue weather.

October's Party

(SELECTED)

October gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came,
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,
And leaves of every name.

The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand:
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed,
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best.

All balanced to their partners
And gaily fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.

Then in the rustic hollow,
At hide-and-seek they played;
The party closed at sundown
And everybody stayed.

Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground,
And then the party ended
In hands across, all round.

Three Little Chestnuts

(SELECTED)

Three little chestnuts in from the country
Bobbed up ever so bold,
One said, "Oooooooo,"
And one said, "Booooooo,"
And one said, "My isn't it cold?"

Three little chestnuts rolled on a roaster
Over a big, iron pot,
One said, "Oooooooo,"
And one said, "Booooooo,"
And one said, "Ouch, isn't it hot?"

One little newsboy laid down a penny
And swallowed them up like a shark,
One said, "Ooooooop,"
And one said, "Whoooooop."
And one said, "My, isn't it dark?"

Little Snowflakes

(SELECTED)

Still and gentle all around,
Little snowflakes, soft and light,
One by one spread o'er the ground,
Making it a fleecy white.

As we watch these little flakes,
Falling down so small and light,
Who would think so few it takes
Thus to form this robe of white?

Just like them are duties done,
Still and gentle, every hour;
Smallest deeds, we early learn,
Give to life its greatest power.

Thanksgiving Day

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we'll go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play,
Hear the bells ring
"Ting-aling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood
Trot fast, my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound,
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow;
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

The Frost

HANNAH F. GOULD

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things! There were flowers and trees,
There were beves of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare.
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me,
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

The Little Kittens

(SELECTED)

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that."
"I will have that mouse," said the elder son.
"You won't have that mouse!" said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the angry old woman was sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

The Wonderful Weaver

GEORGE COOPER

There's a wonderful weaver high up in the air
And he weaves a white mantle for cold earth to wear
With the wind for his shuttle, and the clouds for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves, in the light, in the gloom.

Oh, with finest of laces he decks bush and tree,
On the bare, flinty meadows a cover lays he,
Then a quaint cap he places on pillar and post,
And he changes the pump to a grim silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver grows weary at last
And the shuttle lays idle that once flew so fast,
Then the sun peeps abroad on the work that is done,
And he smiles I'll unravel it all just for fun.

Poems for Christmas Time

Hang Up the Baby's Stocking

ANONYMOUS

Hang up the baby's stocking:
Be sure you don't forget;
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it—
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! What a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what I'll do for the baby.
I've thought of the very best plan:
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so!
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby,
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

Christmas

NAHUM TATE

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

The Heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

A Visit from St. Nicholas

CLEMENT C. MOORE

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the
house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestling all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains-for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter,
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name.
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof!
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath,
He had a broad face, and a round little belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down on a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

O Little Town of Bethlehem

PHILLIPS BROOKS

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fear of all the years,
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ, is born of Mary,
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim his holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O, Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell,
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night

MARGARET DELAND

Like small curled feathers, white and soft,
The little clouds went by,
Across the moon, and past the stars,
And down the western sky;
In upland pastures, where the grass
With frosted dew was white,
Like snowy clouds the young sheep lay,
That first, best Christmas night.

The shepherds slept, and, glimmering faint,
With twist of thin, blue smoke,
Only their fire's crackling flames
The tender silence broke—
Save when a young lamb raised his head,
Or, when the night wind blew,
A nesting bird would softly stir,
Where dusky olives grew.

With finger on her solemn lip,
Night hushed the shadowy earth,
And only stars and angels saw
The little Saviour's birth;
Then came such flash of silver light
Across the bending skies,
The wondering shepherds woke, and hid
Their frightened, dazzled eyes!

And all their gentle sleepy flock
Looked up, then slept again,
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
Brought endless peace to men—
Nor even heard the gracious words
That down the ages ring—
"The Christ is born! The Lord has come,
Good-will on earth to bring!"

Then o'er the moonlit, misty fields,
Dumb with the world's great joy,
The shepherds sought the white-walled town,
Where lay the baby boy—
And oh, the gladness of the world,
The glory of the skies,
Because the longed-for Christ looked up
In Mary's happy eyes!

Christmas Song

LYDIA A. C. WARD

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?
Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay,
And his mother sang and smiled,
"This is Christ, the Holy Child,"
So the bells for Christmas ring,
So the little children sing.

Poems for Spring

A Spring Song

CHILDREN'S FRIEND AND KINDERGARTEN

Old Mother Earth woke up from her sleep,
And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the spring was near,
And she had not a dress to wear.

"Alas!" she sighed, with great dismay,
"Oh, where shall I get my clothes?
There's not a place to buy a suit,
And a dressmaker no one knows."

"I'll make you a dress," said the springing grass
Just looking above the ground,
"A dress of green of the loveliest sheen,
To cover you all around."

"And we," said the dandelions gay,
"Will dot it with yellow bright."
"I'll make it a fringe," said forget-me-not,
"Of blue, very soft and light."

"We'll embroider the front," said the violets,
"With a lovely purple hue."
"And we," said the roses, "will make you a crown
Of red, jeweled over with dew."

"And we'll be your gems," said a voice from the shade
Where the ladies' ear-drops live—
"Orange is the color for any queen
And the best we have to give."

Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,
As she put on her dress so gay;
And that is the reason, my little ones,
She is looking so lovely today.

A Laughing Chorus

(SELECTED)

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho, there! Ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro;

And, "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked,
" 'Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then, "Ha! Ha! Ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."
And straight thereafter, Narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring,"
And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of spring.
Then, "Ha! Ha! Ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast shrieked loud,
And the sleet and the hail came down.
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
And now they are coming to brighten the world,
Still shadowed by Winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! Ha!"
In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Cock Robin and Jenny Wren

(SELECTED FROM MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES)

It was a merry time,
When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she danced,
And so sweetly as she sung,
Robin Redbreast lost his heart:
He was a gallant bird;
He doffed his hat to Jenny,
And thus to her he said:

"My dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry pie,
And drink nice currant wine;
I'll dress you like a Goldfinch,
Or like a Peacock gay;
So if you'll have me, Jenny,
Let us appoint the day."

Jenny blushed behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind.
"Then let it be tomorrow, Bob,
I'll take your offer kind—
Cherry pie is very good!
So is currant wine!
But I will wear my own brown gown,
And never dress too fine."

Robin rose up early,
At the break of day,
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
To sing a roundelay.
He met the Cock and Hen,
And bid the Cock declare,
This was his wedding-day
With Jenny Wren, the fair.

The Cock then blew his horn,
To let the neighbors know,
This was Robin's wedding-day
And they might see the show.
And first came Parson Rook,
With his spectacles and band,
And one of Mother Hubbard's books
He held within his hand.

Then followed him the Lark,
For he could sweetly sing,
And he was to be clerk
At Cock Robin's wedding.
He sung of Robin's love
For little Jenny Wren
And when he came unto the end,
Then he began again.

Then came the bride and bridegroom,
Quite plainly was she dressed,
And blushed so much her cheeks
Were as red as Robin's breast.

But Robin cheered her up,
"My pretty Jen," said he,
"We're going to be married,
And happy we shall be."

The Goldfinch came on next,
To give away the bride,
The Linnet being bridesmaid,
Walked by Jenny's side.
And as she was a walking, said,
"Upon my word I think,
That your Cock Robin
Is a very pretty bird."

The Black-bird and the Thrush,
And the charming Nightingale,
The Sparrow and Tom Tit,
And many more were there.
All came to see the wedding
Of Jenny Wren the fair.
"And will you have her, Robin,
To be your wedded wife?"
"Yes, I will," said Robin,
"And love her all my life."

"And will you have him, Jenny,
Your husband now to be?"
"Yes, I will," said Jenny,
"And love him heartily."
"Oh, then," says Parson Rook,
"Who gives this maid away?"
"I do," says the Goldfinch,
"And her fortune I will pay,
Here's a bag of grain of many sorts,
And other things beside,
Now happy be the bridegroom and
Happy be the bride."

Then on her finger fair
Cock Robin put the ring,
"You're married now," says Parson Rook,
While the Lark aloud did sing—
"Happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride,
And may not man nor bird
Nor beast this happy pair divide."

Now they all sat or stood,
To eat and to drink,
And everyone said what
He happened to think;
They each took a bumper,
And drank to the pair:
Cock Robin, the bridegroom,
And Jenny Wren, the fair.

The dinner things removed,
They all began to sing;
And soon they made the place
Near a mile round to ring.
The concert it was fine;
And every bird tried
Who best could sing for Robin,
And Jenny Wren, the bride.

Then in came the Cuckoo,
And he made a great rout;
He caught hold of Jenny
And pulled her about.
Cock Robin was angry,
And so was the Sparrow,
Who fetched in a hurry
His bow and his arrow.

His aim then he took,
But he took it not right;
His skill was not good,
Or he shot in a fright.
For the Cuckoo he missed.
But Cock Robin he killed,
And all the birds mourned
That his blood was so spilled.

The Burial of Poor Cock Robin

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow,
And I killed Cock Robin."

Who saw him die?
"I," said the Fly,
"With my little eye;
And I saw him die."

Who caught his blood?
"I," said the Fish,
"With my little dish,
And I caught his blood."

Who made his shroud?
"I," said the Beetle,
"With my little needle,
And I made his shroud."

Who will be the parson?
"I," said the Rook;
"With my little book;
And I will be the parson."

Who will dig his grave?
"I said the Owl,
"With my spade and shovel;
And I'll dig his grave."

Who will be the clerk?
"I," said the Lark,
"If 'tis not in the dark;
And I will be the clerk."

Who'll carry him to the grave?
"I," said the Kite,
"If 'tis not in the night;
And I'll carry him to the grave."

Who will be chief mourner?
"I," said the Dove,
"Because of my love;
And I will be chief mourner."

Who will bear the pall?
"We," said the Wren,
"Both the Cock and the Hen;
And we will bear the pall."

Who will toll the bell?
"I," said the Bull,
"Because I can pull."
And so Cock Robin, farewell.

All the birds of the air,
Fell to sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

The Bluebird

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

I know the song that the bluebird is singing
Up in the apple tree where he is swinging,
Brave little fellow, the clouds may be dreary
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.
Hark, how the music leaps out from his throat.
Hark, was there ever so merry a note?
Listen a while and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying.

Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know,
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming and springtime is here.
Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise,
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violet, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantle of purple and gold,
Daffodil! Daffodil! Say do you hear?
Summer is coming and springtime is here.

Who Stole the Bird's Nest?

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

"To-whit! To-whit! To-wee!

Will you listen to me?

Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!

Such a thing I'd never do.

I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.

Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!

Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!

Will you listen to me?

Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!

Now what do you think?

Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree today?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!"
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
 I gave the hairs the nest to make,
 But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!"
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
 Who stole a nest away
 From the plum-tree today?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
 Who stole that pretty nest
 From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh, no!
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
 Baa! Baa!" said the sheep; "oh, no!
 I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
 Who stole the nest away
 From the plum-tree today?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word too!
 Who stole the pretty nest
 From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw Caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
 What thief took away
 A bird's nest today?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again.
 Why, I haven't a chick
 Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,

And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, 'for shame'!"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind his bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

Pussy Willows

(SELECTED)

Have you ever heard of pussies
That never scratch or mew,
Or chase their tails, or play with balls
As other pussies do?

But sit on rows on bushes
As people in a pew,
And if you listen all day long
You'll never hear them mew.

But if you go out walking
Some pleasant warm spring day,
Perhaps you'll see these pussies
That never scratch or play.

The Year's at the Spring

ROBERT BROWNING

The year's at the spring
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven
All's right with the world.

Wishes and Work

(SELECTED)

Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm,
"I wish I could find a nice fat worm."
Said another little chick, with a queer little shrug,
"I wish I could find a nice fat bug."
Said a third little chick, with a strange little squeal,
"I wish I could find some nice yellow meal."
"Now, look here," said the mother, from the green garden
patch,
"If you want any breakfast, you just get up and scratch."

A Quarrel in the Oven

(SELECTED)

Oh, the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl,
They had a quarrel one day;
Together they sat on the oven shelf,
The piecrust fay and the gingerbread elf,
And the quarrel commenced this way:

Said the gingerbread boy to the piecrust girl:
"I'll wager my new brown hat
That I'm fatter than you and much more tanned,
Though you're filled with pride till you cannot stand,
But what is the good of that?"

Then the piecrust girl turned her little nose up
In a most provoking way.
"Oh, maybe you're brown, but you're poor as can be;
You do not know lard from a green pea!
Is there aught that you do know, pray?"

Oh, the gingerbread boy, he laughed loudly with scorn
As he looked at the flaky piecrust.

“Just watch how I rise in the world!” cried he;

“Just see how I’m bound to grow light!” cried she,
“While you stay the color of rust.”

So the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl
They each of them swelled with pride,
Till a noise was heard in a room without.
A cry of delight, then a very glad shout,
And the oven was opened wide.

Then the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl
Could have screamed and wept with pain,
For a rosy-cheeked lass and a small, bright-eyed lad
Took a big bite of each—yes, this tale’s very sad—
So they’ll now never quarrel again.

Lily’s Ball

SELECTED

Lily gave a party,
And her little playmates all,
Gayly dressed came in their best,
To dance at Lily’s ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirred,
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.

Snowdrop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonette.

But, when they danced the country-dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best—
Cowslip or Heatherbell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But, of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,
They went downstairs to sup;
Each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away
Before the set of sun;
And Lily said "Good-bye," and gave
A kiss to every one.

Before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead,
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

Spring Song

(SELECTED)

"Awake," said the sunshine; "'tis time to get up;
Awake, pretty daisy and sweet buttercup.
Why, you've been sleeping the whole winter long.
Hark! Hark! Don't you hear? 'Tis the bluebird's first
song."

"Awake," call the streamlets. "We've lain here so still,
And now we must all go to work with a will."
"Wake," says the warm breeze, "and you, willow tree,
Come, put on your leaves in a twinkling for me!"

"Awake," breathes the air from the blue sky above,
"Awake, for the air is all beauty and love.
Wake, little children so merry and dear;
Ah! what were the spring, if you were not here!"

Robert of Lincoln

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side and mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright, black, wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight,
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:

"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care,
Off his holiday garments laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee!"

The Chicken's Mistake

PHOEBE CARY

A little downy chicken one day
Asked leave to go on the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry,
When her mother wouldn't let her:
"If ducks can swim there, why can't I;
Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking;
Just look at your feet and you will see
They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
And didn't half believe her,
For she seemed to say by a knowing look,
"Such stories couldn't deceive her."

And as her mother was scratching the ground,
She muttered lower and lower,
"I know I can go there and not get drowned,
And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge -where the stream was deep,
And saw too late her blunder;
For she hadn't hardly time to peep
Till her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
The child, my story reading,
That those who are older sometime know
What you will do well in heeding.

That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother;
And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing:
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you never were made for going.

Poor Little Clouds

(SELECTED)

Four little clouds went racing
Along through the air one day,
The sun they had left at noontide,
The west was a league away.

"Oh, he is so slow," they murmured,
"So slow and so far behind,
We could be first at sunset
If we only had a mind."

They tossed their heads in triumph
They took hold of hands and flew,
And, oh, what a sad disappointment
They afterwards felt and knew.

For this they had quite forgotten
As they hurried along through the air,
There never could be a sunset
Till the sun himself 'was there.

The Heart of a Seed

(SELECTED)

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant lay fast asleep.
"Awake," said the sunshine,
And creep to the light."

"Awake," said the voice
Of the raindrop bright,
The little plant heard
And rose to see
What this beautiful outside world might be.

The First Snow Drop

JULIA M. DANA

"I want to get up," the Snowdrop said;
As she loosened the wraps about her head,
"It may be the world is white with snow,
Yet I'd rather be there than here below.
'Tis horrid to be curled up so tight—
I want to look out and see the light.

"My dear little sisters are fast asleep,
And I am the first to take a peep
Out of my bed, where, snugly rolled,
I slept in warm blankets, fold on fold.
But now I am ever so wide awake,
And it's surely time for the morn to break.

"My dress is the prettiest e'er was seen;
'Tis white, with an overskirt of green,
With six pretty silken cords that hold
As many tiny tassels of gold.
Oh! I have been working, never fear,
To look my best when I do appear,

"And I must welcome the song-birds home,
There seems such a stirring all around,
And I hear new voices above the ground.
The buds on the willows are whispering, "Come,"
This is the message they bring, I guess,
Get up, little maid; it is time to dress."

At Easter Time

LAURA E. RICHARDS

The little flowers came through the ground,
At Easter time, at Easter time;
They raised their heads and looked around,
At happy Easter time.
And every pretty bud did say,
"Good people, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say
At happy Easter time!"

The pure white lily raised its cup
At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocus to the sky looked up
At happy Easter time.
"We'll hear the song of Heaven!" they say,
"Its glory shines on us today.
Oh! may it shine on us always
At holy Easter time!"

'Twas long and long and long ago,
That Easter time, that Easter time;
But still the pure white lilies blow
At happy Easter time.
And still each little flower doth say,
"Good Christians, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say
At blessed Easter time!"

Three Little Trees

(SELECTED)

Away out in the orchard in sunshine and breeze,
A-laughing and whispering, grew three little trees.
And one was a plum tree, and one was a pear,
And one was a rosy-cheeked apple tree rare.
A dear little secret, as sweet as could be,
The breeze told one day to the glad apple tree.
She rustled her little green leaves all about,
And smiled at the plum, and the secret was out.
The plum told in whispers the pear by the gate,
And she told it to me, so you see, it came straight.
The breeze told the apple, the apple the plum,
The plum told the pear, "Robin Redbreast has come!"
And out in the orchard they danced in the breeze,
And clapped their hands softly, these three little trees.

An Arbor Day Tree

(SELECTED)

Dear little tree that we plant today,
What will you be when we're old and gray?
"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For robin and wren an apartment house,
The dressing-room of the butterfly's ball,
The locust's and katydid's concert hall,
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June
The schoolgirl's tent in the July morn,
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."

Come Away, Comrades

OLIVE LAIR SMITH

Come, my comrades, my playmates, all,
Come to the elm tree; hear my call?
Ya-he! Ya-hi! Ya-ho!
Under its branches grateful shade
Is where the tip-top stories are made.
Ya-he! Ya-hi! Ya-ho!

We'll spin the yarn of the Bow-Wow-Wow,
Of the Bunny-Rabbit and Bossy-Cow,
We'll tell the tales of land and sea

That grandfather told to you and me ;
And when the sun sinks into the west,
We'll be crooning the rhymes that we love best.
Ya-he! Ya-hi! Ya-ho!

Oh, the grass is green and the air is sweet,
And a tale told in the shade's a treat ;
Then come, my comrades, my playmates all,
Come to the elm tree ; hear my call?
Ya-he! Ya-hi! Ya-ho!

The Fairies' Tea Party

(SELECTED)

Five little fairies went out to take tea
Under the shade of a big elm tree,
Each had a cup from an acorn cut,
And a plate from the rind of a hickory nut.

The table was spread with a cloth all of lace
Woven by spiders the banquet to grace,
And, oh, what good things they all had to eat
Slices of strawberries, Mmm what a treat.

And honey the sweetest that wild bees could hive,
And a humming bird's egg for each of the five,
Then they drank their hosts' health in their favorite drink,
Which was, now, what was it, can any one think?
Why, the dew drop, that comes from the heart of the
rose
Is the drink of the fairies, as everyone knows.

Planting the Tree

GRACE I. DRIVER

Here we leave you little tree,
To Mother Earth's kind care ;
Your heritage will be
The earth, the sky, the air.

The birds will sing you lullabies,
The wind your cradle be,
And over you will smile the skies,
You trustful little tree.

Good Mother Earth will hold you, dear,
And tuck your feet up warm,
And whisper sturdy words of cheer
When you must leave the storm.

The little stars with kindly care
Will smile all through the night
And comfort you, so friendly wise
Until the morning light.

Now here we plant you, little tree,
With loving heart and hand;
You are our hope for days to be,
Our gift to our dear land.

You will grow up some far-off day
And guard with loving pride
Our children's children at their play,
And spread your great arms wide.

Washington's Birthday

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

'Tis splendid to live so grandly
That long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps its thought of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record
So white and free from stain
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart,
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
When his country's days were few.

Poems of Worth

And now when its days are many,
And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thought of your natal day.

Poems for Entertainment

Mammy's Pickaninny

LUCY DEAN JENKINS

Now, wha'h d'ye s'pose dat chile is?

My, he's got a head!

He's hidin' frum his mammy

Case it's time to go to bed.

Hyah, you, Petah Johnsing!

Come inside dat fence.

I done tole you yes'day

You didn't hab no sense.

What's dat? A waitin' fo' yo' daddy?

Bless his little heart.

Why chile, yo' daddy won't be comin'

Froo dat woodsy part.

At dis time of de ebenin'

Don't you see dat moon?

Dat's de sign dat spooks

'Ll be a trablin' soon.

I believe I see 'em

Coming—Massa me!

As sho as you is bo'n

Dars one behind dat tree!

Ha! ha! I thought dat'd bring him;

Come hyah sweety hon',

Come to yo' ole mammy

And if dose spookies come

And want my pickaninny,

I'll swat 'im in de face,

I'll tak der flowin' garments

And jes' wipe up de place.

I'll take dat ai' bit u' hoe cake,

An' hit 'im on de head,

Till dey'll be glad to go away

An' let my baby go to bed.

Poems of Worth

So don't cry no mo' my honey,
Jes close yo' little eyes
An mammy'll rock ye in her arms,
And sing dis lullaby.

What's dat? Why chile!
Dose spookies ain't a coming,
Dey's gwine off down the street.

Now shut yo' eyes up tight
An' go right off to sleep,
An' tomorrow for yo' breakfast
You'll hab possum for to eat.

So don't cry no mo' my honey,
Jes' close yo' little eye,
While mammy rocks you in her arms
An' sings dis lullaby.

Lullaby, close yo' eye,
Mammy's little dusky baby,
Hush-a-bye, close yo' eye
Mammy's lil' baby boy.
T'en hush-a-bye.

Sister's Best Fellow

JOE LINCOLN

My sister's best feller is most six foot three,
And handsome and strong, as a feller can be;
And Sis, she's so little and slender and small
You never would think she could boss him at all
But by jing! she don't do a thing
But make him jump around, like he worked with a string.
It just makes me 'shamed of him sometimes, you know,
To think that he'll let a girl bully him so.

He goes to walk with her and carries her muff,
And coat and umbrella, and that kind of stuff;
She loads him with things that must weigh most a ton,
And honest he likes it as if it was fun.
And, oh, say! when they go to play,
He'll sit in the parlor and fidget away,
And she won't come down till it's quarter past eight,
And then she'll scold him 'cause they get there so late.

He spends heaps of money abuying her things,
Like candy and flowers, and presents and rings,
And all he's got for 'em's a handkerchief case,
A fussed up affair made of ribbons and lace,
But my land! He thinks it's just grand
"'Cause she made it," he says, "with her own little hand."
He calls her "an angel," I heard him, and "saint"
And "beautifulest bein' on earth," but she ain't.

Before I go on a errand for her any time,
I just make her coax me and give me a dime.
But that great big silly, why honest and true,
He'd run forty miles if she wanted him to.
Gee Whiz! I'll tell you what 'tis
I just think it's awful, those actions of his,
I won't have a girl when I'm grown—no-sir-ee;
My sister's best feller's a warning to me.

His New Brother

JOE LINCOLN

Say, I've got a little brother,
Never teased to have him, nother
But he's here;
They just went ahead and bought him,
And last week the doctor brought him;
Wa'n't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
'Cause, you see:
I s'posed I could go and get him,
An' then mamma 'course she would let him
Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,
"Why," I says, "My sakes! Is that him?
Just that mite?"
They said "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin'?"
He's a sight.

He's so small, it's jest amazin',
And you'd think that he was blazin',
He's so red.
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On the head.

Poems of Worth

Why, he isn't worth a dollar;
All he does is cry and holler,
More and more.
Won't sit up, you can't arrange him;
I don't see why Pa don't change him
At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
More'n a frog.
Why'll they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal rather
Have a dog?

The Minuet

MARY MAPES DODGE

Grandma told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced, my grandma danced,
Long ago.

How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes,
How she slowly leaned and rose,
Long ago.

Bless her, why she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day, and yet,
Grandma danced the minuet,
Long ago.

Now she sits there rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking,
Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
Dimpled cheeks, too; ah, how funny,
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.

Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now,
Bending to her pardner's bow,
Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy,
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago.

No, they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly, forward then,
Slowly courtesying back again,
Long ago.

In time to come if I perchance
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
We did it, dear, in some such way,
Long ago.

At Candle-Lightin' Time

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

When I come in f'om de co'n-fiel' aftah wo'kin' ha'd all
day,

It's amazin' nice to fin' my suppah all erpon' de way;
An' it's nice to smell de coffee bubblin' ovah in de pot,
An' it's fine to see de meat 'a-sizzlin' teasin'-lak an' hot.

But when suppah-time is ovah, an' de t'ings is cleared
away;

Den de happy hours dat foller are de sweetes' of de day.
When my co'ncob pipe is sta'ted, an' de smoke is drawin'
prime,

My ole 'ooman says, "I reckon, Ike, it's candle-lightin'
time."

Den de chillun snuggle up to me, an' all commence to
call,

"Oh, say, daddy, now it's time to mek de shadders on de
wall."

So I puts my han's togethah—evah daddy knows de
way,—

An' the chillun snuggle closer roun' ez I begin to say:

Poems of Worth

"Fus' thing, hyeah come Mistah Rabbit; don' you see him
wo'k his eahs?

Huh, uh! dis mus' be a donkey,—look, how innercent he
'pears!

Dah's de ole black swan a-swimmin'—ain't she got an
awful neck?

Who's dis feller dat's a-comin'? Why, dat's ole dog Tray,
I 'spec'!"

Dat's de way I run on, tryin' fu' to please 'em all I can;
Den I hollahs, "Now be keerful—dis hyeah las' 's de
bugaman!"

An' dey runs an' hides dey faces; dey ain't skeered—dey's
lettin on,

But de play ain't raaly ovah twell dat bugaman is gone.

So I jes' teks up my banjo, an' I plays a little chune,
An' you see dem haid come peepin' out to listen mighty
soon.

Den my wife says "Sich a pappy fu' to give you sich a
fright!

Jes, you go to baid, an' leave him; say yo' prayers an' say
good-night."

When We Haven't Said Our Prayers

PAUL BLISS

Me and my brother Jimmy, we go to be at night
With all the windows fastened and all the doors shut
tight!

It gets a little stuffy, but neither of us cares,
We hear such awful noises, when we haven't said our
prayers.

When the wind's ablowin'; oh! goodness! gracious! me!
You never can imagine the dreadful things we see!
The moon looks through the window, and stares, and
stares, and stares

Just like a ghost or somethin', when we haven't said our
prayers.

Then when the wind gets quiet, (I know you'll think it
queer)

Oh, my! the awful noises that me and Jimmy hear!
Such slippy, sliddy footsteps come sneakin' up the stairs
An' prowl around the landin', when we haven't said our
prayers.

Last night when we were lyin' ashiverin' in bed,
An' I got the covers all up around my head,
I grabbed aholt of Jimmy and kind-a squeezed his hand
An' says to him, "Tomorrow, we'll pray to beat the band!"

The Patch-Work Quilt

NATALIN WHITTED PRICE

(From Sketches in Lyric Prose and Verse)

Did gran'ma ever tell you about the patch-work quilt,
That lies across the sofa in her room?
It is made from scraps of dresses that she wore when she
was young,
And some of them were woven on a loom,
Sometimes when it is raining and I can't play out of
doors,
She lets me spread it out upon the floor,
And as I choose the pieces—I'd like to hear about,
She tells me of the dresses that she wore.

It isn't just the dresses that gran'ma tells about,
It's the things that happened when she had them on,
And almost ev'ry piece that's in that dear old patch-work
quilt,
Holds the mem'ry of a sorrow or a song,
Oh, things were very wonderful when gran'-ma-ma was
young,
You ought to hear her tell about it all,
The ladies all were beautiful, the children all were good,
And the men were all so gallant and so tall.

She calls the quilt her mem'ry bed, and every little piece,
Is a flower blooming in its scented fold.
There are red ones for the roses, and blues for "don't
forget's"
And yellow ones for sunflowers of gold,
There's one she calls sweet lavender that smells like baby
clothes,
And one of purple like the sunset skies,
I never ask about these, or the grey one like the rain,
For when I do dear gran'ma always cries.

My gran'ma told me once that life is just a patch-work
quilt,
Of births and deaths and marriages and things

Poems of Worth

And that sometimes when you're looking for a lovely
piece of red,
You only find a knot of faded strings,
But she says the red is redder when it's by a piece of
brown,
And grey is not so grey by sunny gold,
Oh, I hope I'll have a lovely patch-work quilt like
gran'-ma-ma's,
To show to little children when I'm old.

Jane Jones

BEN KING

Jane Jones, she keeps talking to me all the whole time,
She says you must make it a rule
To study your lessons and work hard and learn
And never be absent from school.
Jus' look at the story of Elihu Burnett,
And how he climbed up to the top.
Got all the learning he ever had
Down in a blacksmithy shop.
Jane Jones, she honestly says that's so;
Maybe it is—I don't know.
Of course, what's keepin' me from the top
Is never havin' had no blacksmith shop.

Jane Jones, she says Ben Franklin was awfully poor
But full of ambition and brains;
He studied philosophy all his whole life, and see
What he got for his pains.
He dragged 'lectricity down from the sky,
With a kite and a bottle and key,
An' we're owin' him more than anyone else
For all the bright lights we see.
Jane Jones, she honestly says it's so—
Maybe it is—I don't know.
Of course, what's always hinderin' me—
Is not having no kite, ner lightnin', ner key.

Jane Jones, she says Abe Linkun had no looks at all,
And used to split rails when a boy;
She says 'at Gen. Grant was a farmer by trade
An' lived way out in Illinois,
But when the grand war with the south broke out
He stood on the side of the right,

And when Linkun called him to take care of things,
He won nearly every blamed fight.
Jane Jones, she honestly says that's so—
Maybe it is—I don't know.
I'm not to blame—not by a big sight—
I never had no battles to fight.

Jane Jones says Columbus was out at the knees
When he first thought up his big scheme;
He told all the Italians and Spaniards, too,
And all of them said 'twas a dream.
But Queen Isabella just listened to him,
And sold all her jewels of worth,
And bought him the Santa Marie and said—
“Go hunt up the rest of the earth.”
Jane Jones, she honestly said that's so—
Maybe it is—I don't know.
Of course, that might be, but then we'll allow
There ain't any more land to discover just now.

The Doll's Wooing

EUGENE FIELD

The little French doll was a dear little doll,
Tricked out in the sweetest of dresses,
Her eyes were of hue
A most delicate blue
And dark as night were her tresses;
Her dear little mouth was fluted and red,
And this little French doll was so very well bred
That whenever accosted her little mouth said,
“Mamma, Mamma.”

The stockinet doll with one arm and one leg,
Had once been a handsome young fellow,
But now he appeared
Rather frowsy and bleared
In his torn regimentals of yellow;
Yet his heart gave a curious thump as he lay
In the little toy cart near the window one day
And heard the sweet voice of that French dolly say,
“Mamma, Mamma.”

He listened so long and he listened so hard
That anon he grew ever so tender,
For it's everywhere known
That the feminine tone

Gets away with all masculine gender,
He up and he wooed her with soldierly zest
But all she'd reply to the love he professed
Were these plaintive words (which perhaps you have
 guessed),
 "Mamma, Mamma."

Her mother, a sweet little lady of five—
Vouchsafed her parental protection,
 And although stockinet
 Wasn't blueblooded, yet
She really could make no objection.
So soldier and dolly were wedded one day,
And a moment ago, as I journeyed that way,
I'm sure that I heard a wee baby voice say,
 "Mamma, Mamma."

Seein' Things

EUGENE FIELD

I ain't afeard uv snakes or toads, or bugs, or worms, or
 mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice;
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,
For when I'm tucked up warm and snug and when my
 prayers are said,
Mother tells me, "Happy dreams," and takes away the
 light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night.
Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the
 door,
Sometimes they're all astandin' in the middle of the floor,
Sometimes they-are asittin' down, sometimes they're
 walkin' round,
So softly and so creepylke, they never make a sound;
Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're
 white—
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at
 night.
Once, when I licked a fellow 'at had just moved on our
 street,
An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,
Alookin' at me cross-eyed and ap'intin' at me—so,
Oh, my! I was so skeered that time I never slept a mite,
It's almost always when I'm bad I see things at night.

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death,
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath;
An', oh, I am so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then
I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again,
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right
When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at night.

An' so when other naughty boys would tempt me into sin,
I try to squash the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within;
An' when they's pie for supper, or cakes, 'at's big an' nice,
I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r them things
twice,

No, ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly out o' sight
Than I should keep alivin' on an' seein' things at night.

Jest 'Fore Christmas

EUGENE FIELD

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill,
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls and things that's worn by
Fauntleroy,

Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake,
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for bellyache,
'Most all the time the whole year round, there ain't no
flies on me,

But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be.

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat,
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at,
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride,
But sometimes when the grocery man is worried an' cross
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched me."
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be.

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man,
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother Dan,
'At was ate up by the cannibals that lives in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' where only man is vile,
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show,
Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd
know

That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me,
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm as good as I kin be.

Poems of Worth

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemnlike an'
still,

His eyes they keep a-sayin', "What's the matter, little
Bill?"

The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's
become

Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things
hum,

But I am so perlite and ten' so earnestly to biz,

That mother says to father, "How improved our Willie
is."

But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me,
When jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be.

For Christmas with its lots of candies, cakes and toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids, an' not for naughty
boys.

So wash yer face, an' brush yer hair, an' mind your
p's and q's,

An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out
yer shoes.

Say "Yessum" to the ladies, and "Yessur" to the men,
An' when they's company, don't pass yer plate for pie
again,

But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as you kin be.

A Christmas Kid

(SELECTED)

'Member once, long time ago, 'most a month, I guess,
Gran'ma says, "Would you want more pie?" an' course I
tol' her "yes."

'En pa says, "Gran'ma, don't you know the chil' has had
two slices

'Sides the fruit and pudding an' a help or two of ices?"

So I didn't get no more, an' then I wisht, I did,

That I could be a man an' eat, instead of just a kid.

'Member once, suppose it must of been the Fourth July,

Pa was shootin' rockers off clear up to the sky,

An' ma says, "You mustn't let the child, he'll burn him-
self to death,"

An' pa says, "Too bad, son, but we must walk the way
we're bid!"

An' then I wisht I was a man 'stead of just a kid.

Poems of Worth

'Member once a great big feller took away my sled,
Hit me right here, on the nose, an' it bled 'n' bled.
He was most the biggest boy I bet you ever see—
Reg'lar giunt he was—twicst as big as me,
An' ever' time he passed our house, I run away and hid,
An' wisht I was a giunt, too, instead of just a kid.

'Member lots o' times I wisht 'at I could be growed up,
An' drink real tea fer supper out o' pa's big mustache cup,
An' have a nickel for my ownself ever' single day,
With no one sayin', "Course it's yours, but lemme put it
'way,"

An' no one askin' where I am an' what it was I did,
But Christmas time I'm glad I ain't a man, but just a kid.

'Member last year Christmas how 'old Santa come an,
brought,

Such a stack I couldn't tell half the things I got,
A railroad, an' a jumping frog, a wagon, and a goat,
An' ma, she only got a di'mon' brooch an' sealskin coat,
O, yes, I got some club skates, too, an' went right out an'
slid,

An' was so glad I wasn't growed, but only just a kid.

'Member once, one Christmas pa he fetched some things
fer ma,

An' ma had went down town an' bought some other
things fer pa,

An' they give them to each other, an' I was so sorry 'cause
It showed that they was bad, an' dassent have no Santa
Claus.

It almost makes me cry sometimes awonderin' what they
did,

An' ain't I glad I ain't growed up, but only just a kid.

The Dead Doll

(SELECTED)

You needn't be trying to comfort me,

I tell you my dolly is dead!

There's no use in saying she isn't

With a crack like that in her head,

It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt

Much to have my tooth out that day,

And then when the man 'most took my head off,

You hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby,
And when you say you can mend it with glue,
As if I didn't know better than that,
Why just suppose it was you;
You might make her look all mended,
But what do I care for looks,
Why glue is for chairs and tables,
And toys and the backs of books.

My dolly, my own little daughter,
Oh, but it's the awfullest crack,
It just makes me sick to think
Of the sound when her poor little head went whack,
Against that horrible brass thing,
That holds up the little shelf,
Now nurse, what makes you remind me?
I know that I did it myself.

I think you must be crazy,
You'd get her another head?
What good would forty heads do her?
I tell you my dolly is dead.
And to think I hadn't quite finished
Her elegant new spring hat.
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night
To tie on that horrid cat.

When my mamma gave me that ribbon,
I was playing out in the yard
And she said to me most expressly
"Here's a ribbon for Hildegard."
And I went and put it on Tabby,
And Hildegard saw me do it,
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind,
I don't believe she knew it."

But I know that she knew it now,
And I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken,
And so her head broke, too,
Oh, my baby, my own little daughter.
I wish my head had been hit,
For I've hit it over and over,
And it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead
She'll have to be buried, of course,

We will take my little wagon, nurse,
And you shall be the horse,
And I'll walk behind and cry and cry,
And we'll put her in this, you see,
This dear little box, and we'll bury her
Under the maple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone
Like the one he made for my bird,
And he'll put what I tell him on it,
Yes, every single word,
I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde,
A beautiful doll who is dead,
She died of a broken heart,
And a dreadful crack in her head."

Dolly's Complaint

ANONYMOUS

A little china doll, and a little rag doll,
And a dolly imported from France,
Were seated one day on the shelf of a store,
With a doll that could wind up and dance,
When all of a sudden the shop-keeper heard
A scream that rang out through the store,
And this was the wail of that little China doll
As she made such an awful uproar.

I've got a pain in my saw-dust,
That's what's the matter with me,
Something's all wrong with my little insides,
I'm just as sick as can be.
Oh, don't let me faint, someone get me a fan,
And someone else run for the medicine man,
And everyone hurry as fast as you can,
'Cause I've got a pain in my saw-dust.

They took her away in a hospital van,
And the whole town was filled with the blues,
For everyone thought, it was quite an odd thing,
And the papers all printed the news.
The surgeons looked wise, and they all shook their
heads,
And asked her "Just where she was sick?"
"Oh, I think it's appendisaw-dust," she exclaimed,
"And won't you please do smething quick?"

Oh, sad was the day for the little china doll,
For they took all her stitches away,
And looked for the seat of that terrible ache,
'Twas a delicate task, they all say,
For none of the surgeons had ever before
Performed on a dolly's insides,
They tried to re-stuff her, but didn't know how,
And this was her wail as she died.

Oh, I've got a pain in my saw-dust,
That's what's the matter with me,
Something's all wrong with my little insides,
I'm just as sick as can be,
Don't let me faint, someone get me a fan,
Someone else run for a medicine-man,
And everyone hurry as fast as you can,
'Cause I've got a pain in my saw-dust.

The Janitor's Child

ANONYMOUS

We live in a big apartment house,
With eighteen elevators,
And butlers, maids, and chauffeurmen,
And fifteen million waiters
You can't slide down the banister
Nor play jacks on the floor,
Ma says, "It's very elegant,"
But I like the house next door,
'Cause there's a little girl
Lives over there, she's just as big as me,
She's got the grandest yellow dog
And a kitten full of fleas,
She rides upon the dumb waiter
And don't wear fussed-up clothes,
You see her pa is a janitor,
And goodness only knows.

I wish my pa was a janitor man,
Then I could run for milk in a nice tin can,
Sample all the goodies that the grocer brings,
Dig into the ash can and find good things;
I wouldn't have to ride in a stuffy autobeele,
For an ice wagon ride I am wild;
Oh, why was I born with a broker for a pa?
When I want to be a janitor's child.

We go to Europe once a year
But the little girl next door,
Goes to Coney Island once a week
And sometimes more.
I have to eat what's good for me,
My milk is pasteurized,
My bread comes rolled in paper,
And my eggs are scandalized,
My nurse is antiseptic,
And my clothes are hard and firm;
When I grow up to be eighteen
I'm a-going to eat a germ.

I wish my pa was a janitor man,
Then I could run for milk in a nice tin can,
Sample all the goodies that the grocer brings,
Dig into the ash can and find good things;
I wouldn't have to ride in a stuffy autobeel,
For an ice wagon ride I am wild;
Oh, why was I born with a broker for a pa?
When I want to be a janitor's child.

The Boyless Town

ANONYMOUS

A cross old woman of long ago,
Declared that she hated noise;
"The town would be so pleasant,
You know, if only there were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes were heavy as lead,
And then, of a sudden, the town grew still,
For all of the boys had fled.
And all through the long dusty street,
There wasn't a boy in view,
The baseball lot where they used to meet,
Was a sight to make one blue.
The grass was growing on every base
And the paths that the runners made,
For there wasn't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.
The cherries rotted and went to waste—
There was no one to climb the trees,
And nobody had a single taste,
Save only the birds and the bees.

There wasn't a messenger-boy, not one—
To speed such as messengers can;
If the people wanted their errands done
They sent for a messenger-man.

There was little I ween,
Of frolic and mirth;
The sad old town since it lacked its boys
Was the dreariest place on earth;

The poor old woman began to weep,
Then she awoke with a sudden scream,
“Dear me,” she cried, “I have been asleep,
And, oh, what a horrid dream!”

Naughty Zell

(SELECTED)

I 'spect you folks think I don't look
So pretty in this dress,
I don't think I do neither,
It's about the worstest dress I've got,
I could have better clothes if I wanted them,
But I don't want them, though,
But it's better than Maggie's new Sunday one,
My father's got so much money,
He could just burn it if he wanted to,
But he don't want to though.

I bet you don't know who Kip is.
He's my beau; every night last summer
We used to sit behind the rain barrel
Watching my sister and her sweetheart
Sparking in the hammock, until we got
Sparking down to a pretty fine point I tell you,
So when we got big we'd know how.

The other day I was walking down the street
And I heard some folks talking about me,
And they says, “There goes the prettiest girl
In town,” and they meant me.
Some folks think I can speak so awful good,
I don't think I can though.
But if you want me to I'll speak the piece
I spoke for ma's company the other day,
And this is the way I said it;

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."

I 'spect you folks don't think that was very
Good speaking. I don't think it is neither.
It's just about the worstest speaking I can do.
I guess I better go and change my dress,
This is about the worstest dress I've got,
I could have better clothes if I wanted them,
But I've got more sense than to ask for
What I know I can't get!

A Boy's Conclusion

(SELECTED)

She wuz a old maid, Aunt Sue wuz ;
She niver had any little boys
Er girls like mos' of woman does.
I guess she didn't like the noise
And bother that a baby brings,
And so God didn't send her none
But let them stay and wear their wings,
I bet they have a lot of fun!
I've got a baby brother there,
And he's got wings, and, if I'm good,
I'm goin' to die and have a pair
Sometime, 'cause mamma said I should.

When Aunt Sue was a girl, ma said,
She had a beau like sister Bess,
He went to the war, and come home dead,
And that's all 'at saved her I guess,
'Cause, if he hadn't lost his life,
He would a' come back after her,
And she'd a had to be his wife
And go with him just everywhere!
I'd think she'd a-been awful glad.
Because he didn't come back, but died ;
But stead of that it made her sad,
And mamma said she went and cried.

And mamma said a long, long while
After her beau wuz dead, Aunt Sue
Jest moped around and wouldn't smile,
Until they thought that she'd die, too,

But stead of dying she kept on,
And turned out to be an old maid,
Just because the other beau was gone,
She wouldn't have no more, she said.
I pity Aunt Sue; but I can't
Help be glad 'at her beau died,
'Cause I wouldn't have an old maid aunt
If she'd a been that feller's bride.

I like Aunt Sue, her ginger cakes
Are better'n what we have at home,
They're sweeter'n them my mamma makes,
And she mos' always brings me some;
And she's got lots of books and cats,
And a little dog, and she doesn't care,
How much I play with them, and that's
Why I like so much to go down there.
Old maids are nice; when I'm a man,
If I don't live a single life,
But marry someone, it's my plan
To have an old maid for my wife.

Cookin' Things

BURGES JOHNSON

When my mother's cookin' things,
You bet I never wait
To put away my ball er gun,
I drop 'em where they are an' run
Fer fear I'll be too late.
The most excitin' kind of game,
Er toy, er story book,
I let 'em go, an' never mind,
The very minute that I find
My mother's goin' to cook.

When my mother's cookin' things,
Then you just oughter smell
The spices an' the sweets an' such,
My mouth gets waterin' so much
I almost have to yell.
She opens up the oven door
Sometimes, to take a look,
An' then I jab 'em while they're hot,
To see if they are done or not,
When mother lets me cook.

When my mother's cookin' things,
P'r'aps it's pies to bake,
 Er doughnuts bobbin' up and down
 In boilin' grease till they are brown,
Er p'r'aps it's johnny-cake.
Whatever kind of things it is,
I always like to hook
 The biggest piece of dough I can
 An' bake it in a petty-pan,
When me an' mother cook.

When my mother's cookin' things,
It pays you if you wait
 An' eat 'em hot, right off the tin,
 It's twice as good as anything
Could be, et off a plate.
An' I guess you'd find out fer sure
That I was not mistook,
 In any single thin' I've said,
 If you could taste the ginger bread,
I've helped my mother cook.

Was You Ever Spanked?

BURGES JOHNSON

Was you ever spanked? I ain't sorry a bit
I scratched at my brother an' hollered and spit,
Then they pulled me away and I kicked and I yanked,
Was you ever spanked?

Was you ever spanked? The times I've been good,
Why, nobody's cared, an' I ain't understood,
If I die, they have only themselves to be thanked,
Was you ever spanked?

At the Zoo

SELECTED

It must be hard for a porcupine
 To dress when the day begins,
I'm glad there aren't any clothes
 Of mine a-needing so many pins.

But when I've been saucy and horrid, too,
 Or up to some naughty prank,
If I could only wear clothes like you
 I'd be awfully hard to spank.

My Sore Thumb

BURGES JOHNSON

I jabbed a jack knife in my thumb—
Th' blood just spurted when it come,
The cook got faint, an' nurse she yelled
An' showed me how it should be held,
An' gran'ma went to get a rag,
An' couldn't find one in the bag;
An' all the rest was just struck dumb
To see my thumb.

Since I went an' jabbed my thumb
I go around a-lookin' glum,
And aunt, she pats me on the head
An' gives me extra ginger-bread;
But brother's mad, an' says, "He'll go
An' take an' axe, an' chop his toe;
An' then he guesses I'll keep mum
About my thumb—"

At school they as't to see my thumb,
But I just showed it to my chum,
An' any else that wants to see,
Must divey up their cake with me,
It's gettin' well so fast, I think
I'll fix it up with crimsom ink,
An' that'll keep up int'rest some
In my poor thumb.

If I Was Er Horse

BURGES JOHNSON

'F I was er horse I'd hate to wear
A collar what didn't fit,
An' blinder things, an' I wouldn't care
To chew on a iron bit.
It ain't a way 'at I'd want'er live
To jus' go everywhere I was driv'.

'F I was er horse, I guess you'd see
I'd run away pretty quick,
I'd tear my harness, an' wriggle free
An' go where the grass was thick.
I'd kick my heels, an' I'd neigh for joy,
But I ain't er horse, I'm er little boy.

Soap

BURGES JOHNSON

The folks at my house half the time,
Are thinking about dirt,
It sort of gives them horrors,
And they act as if it hurt.
The sight of just a little
Makes them daffy as can be—
They're always washing something,
And half of the time it's me.

It isn't because I wet my feet,
That gives me colds and such;
'Taint running round that keeps me thin,
It's 'cause I'm washed so much.
It does no good to tell them,
They're so stubborn, but I hope
That some day they'll discover
What deceitful stuff is soap.

I tell you, very often when my
Hands was clean and white,
I've gone along to wash them,
'Cause it did no good to fight.
When I've stuck 'em in the basin
It was plain enough to see
That the soap would make the water
Just as dirty as could be.

If folks would give me half a chance,
With soap that didn't cheat,
I guess they'd be surprised to find
I'm naturally quite neat.
I'd take on flesh and leave off having
Colds and such, I know.
And no one could complain about
The parts of me that show.

Grandma Pays the Bill

SELECTED

Before the busy merchant,
Stood pretty little Bess,
"I want some cloth for dolly,
Enough to make a dress."

"What color, little lady?"
The pleasant dealer said;
"Why don't you know," she answered,
"I want it awful red."

He smiled and cut the fabric
For the delightful little miss;
"What does it cost?" she questioned,
He answered, "Just one kiss."
And then the clerks who heard her
Went laughing up and down,
"My grandma said she would pay you
Next time she came up town."

The Growing Indignity

WILBUR D. NESBIT

Just 'cause my brother Alfred, he
Is two years olderer 'an me,
W'y ever'thing he gets 'at's new
They give to me when he gets through.
I try my best to not to grow
An' catch up with his old things so,
But when he gets too big for clo'es,
W'y I'm growed just exackly so's
They'll do for me—an' then I've got
To keep on wearin' 'em a lot!

My brother Alfred's pants just wait
An' never get tored on th' gate,
Or ripped on nails, or wored out none
Until my catchin' up is done.
When he gets new ones, my ma, she
Says his old pants will do for me.
An' Alfred grins, an' looks so glad
It always makes me awful mad!
An' 'at's th' way it always goes,
I even get his underclo'es!

An' all th' boys at school they grin
At me when I come walkin' in,
An' whisper when they get th' chance,
"W'y, how-de-do to Alfred's pants!"
An' let on like 'at's all they see,

An' like they never heard o' me.
W'y, when I's little, Alfred's crib
Was give' to me, an' Alfred's bib,
An' Alfred's hobby-horse, an' swing,
An' castor-oil, an' ever'thing!

But now it's worse 'an ever! I'm
Just mad clean through and through this time.
It's got to more 'an I can stand
This gettin' his things secon'-hand!
An' I told ma 'at I think it
Is pretty near th' time to quit.
My brother Alfred, he's been sick
With measles—he was speckled thick,
But now he's through with them, you see,
He's gone an' give 'em to me!

The Lost Baby

(SELECTED)

"I'm losted! Could you find me please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had loosed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees.
I stooped and lifted her with ease
And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid,"
"I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said.
"Yes, but your last name?" She shook her head.
"Up to our house they never said
A single thing about it."

"But dear," I said, "What is your name?"
"Why didn't you hear me told you!
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came,
"Yes, but dear, is it just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"'Cept when I've been a-frowin' stones,
An' nen she says, "Mehitable Sophia Jones,
What has you been a-doin'?"

When the Minister Comes to Tea

(Author Unknown)

Oh, they've swept the parlor carpets
And they've dusted every chair,
And they've got the tiddies hanging
Just exactly on the square.
And the what-nots fixed up lovely
And the mats have all been beat,
And the pantry's brimmin' over
With bully things to eat.

Sis has got her Sunday dress on
And she's frizzin' up her bangs;
Ma's got on her best alpaca,
And she's askin' how it hangs.
Pa's shaved as slick as can be,
And I'm rigged way up in G
And it's just because we're going to
Have the minister to tea.

Oh, the table's fixed up gaudy
With the gilt-edged chiny set,
And we're going to use the silver teapot
And the company spoons, you bet.
And we're going to have some fruitcake,
And some thimbleberry jam,
Riz biscuits and some doughnuts,
Some chicken and some ham.

And ma, she'll 'pologize like fury,
And say everything is bad,
And such awful luck in cookin'
She's sure she never had.
But, of course, she's only bluffin'
For it's prime as prime can be.
And she's only talkin' that way
'Cause the minister's to tea.

Everybody's smilin'
And as good as ever twuz,
Pa don't growl about the victuals
Like he generally does.
And he'll ask me "Would I like
Another piece of pie?" but pshaw,
That, of course, is only manners,
And I'm supposed to answer "No."

Sis will talk about the church work
And about the Sunday School,
And ma'll go on to tell how she liked that sermon
That was on the Golden Rule.
And if I upset my tumbler,
They don't say a word to me.
Gee, a kid can eat in comfort
When the minister's to tea.

Say, a minister, you'd reckon,
Never'd say what isn't true.
Well, 'tain't so with ours,
And I can prove it, too.
'Cause when Sis plays on the organ,
And it just makes you want to die,
He just sits and says it lovely
And it seems to me a lie.

But I like him all the samey,
And I only wish he'd come
To our house for good and always,
And eat with us every day.
Just think of having goodies,
Every evening, jiminy!
And I wouldn't get a scolding
When the minister's to tea.

The Wiggly Waggly Polliwog (SELECTED)

Oh, a wiggly little polliwog lived in a pool
On the edge of a stream where the water was cool,
Till one day he turned very green and pale,
For he found that he surely was losing his tail,
And legs were sprouting, and he caught the croup
As he crawled up the bank with a hoarse "galoup,
Cathump, calump, cachug, cachook!"

"Oh, what can have happened?" he asked, with a croak;
"This seems like a regular bull-frog joke."
Then he stretched his legs for a mighty jump
And right in the water he landed, kaflump!
Which made him smile from ear to ear,
For he felt so very delightfully queer,
As he called to his wife, "I'm a frog, my dear,
Cathump, calump, cachug, cachook!"

Ma and the Auto

EDGAR A. GUEST

Before we take an auto ride pa says to ma, "My dear,
Now just remember I don't need suggestions from the
rear,
If you will just sit still back there and hold in check your
fright,
I'll take you where you want to go and get you back all
right.
Remember that my hearing's good and also I'm not blind,
And I can drive this car without suggestions from be-
hind."

Ma promises that she'll keep still, then off we gayly start,
But soon she notices ahead a peddler and his cart.
"You'd better toot your horn," says she, "to let him know
we're near;
He might turn out," and pa replies, "Just shriek at him,
my dear."
And then he adds, "Some day, some guy will make a lot
of dough
By putting horns on tonneau seats for women-folks to
blow."

A little farther on ma cries, "He signalled for a turn,"
And pa says, "Did he?" in a tone that's hot enough to
burn;
"Oh, there's a boy on roller skates," cries ma, "Now do
go slow,
I'm sure he doesn't see our car." And pa says, "I dunno.
I think I don't need glasses yet, but really it may be
That I am blind and cannot see what's right in front of
me."

If pa should speed the car a bit, some rigs to hurry past
Ma whispers, "Do be careful now. You're driving much
too fast."
And all the time she's pointing out the dangers of the
street
And keeps him posted on the roads where trolley cars
he'll meet.
Last night when we got safely home, pa sighed and said,
"My dear,
I'm sure we've all enjoyed the drive you gave us from the
rear."

Practising Time

EDGAR A. GUEST

Always whenever I want to play
I've got to practice an hour a day,
Get through breakfast an' make my bed,
And mother says, "Marjorie, run ahead,
There's a time for work and a time for fun,
So go and get your practicing done."
And Bud, he chuckles and says to me,
"Yes, do your practicing, Marjorie,"
A brother's an awful tease, you know,
And he just says that 'cause I hate it so.

They leave me alone in the parlor there
To play the scales or "The Maiden's Prayer,"
And if I stop, mother's bound to call,
"Marjorie, dear, you're not playing at all;
Don't waste your time, but keep right on,
Or you'll have to stay when the hour is gone,"
Or maybe the maid looks in at me
And says, "You're not playing, as I can see.
Just hustle along—I've got work to do
And I can't dust the room until you get through."

Then when I've run over the scales and things,
Like "The Fairies' Dance," or "The Mountain Springs,"
And my fingers ache and my head is sore,
I find I must sit there a half hour more.
An hour is terribly long, I say,
When you've got to practice and want to play.
So slowly at times has the big hand dropped
That I was sure that the clock had stopped.
But mother called down to me, "Don't forget—
A full hour please. It's not over yet."

Oh, when I get big and have children, too,
There's one thing that I will never do—
I won't have brothers to tease the girls
And make them mad when they pull their curls,
And laugh at them when they've got to stay
And practice their music an hour a day;
I won't have a maid like the one we've got,
That likes to boss you around a lot;
And I won't have a clock that can go so slow
When it's practice time, 'cause I hate it so.

Castor Oil

EDGAR A. GUEST

I don't mind lickin's, now an' then,
An' I can even stand it when
My mother calls me in from play
To run some errand right away.
There's things 'bout bein' just a boy
That ain't all happiness an' joy,
But I suppose I've got to stand
My share o' trouble in this land,
An' I ain't kickin' much, but say,
The worst of parents is that they
Don't realize just how they spoil
A feller's life with castor oil.

Of all the awful stuff, Gee Whiz!
That is the very worst there is,
An' every time if I complain,
Or say I've got a little pain,
There's nothing else that they can think
'Cept castor oil for me to drink.
I notice, though, when pa is ill,
That he gets fixed up with a pill,
But when I've got a little ache,
It's castor oil I've got to take.

I don't mind goin' up to bed
Afore I get the chapter read.
I don't mind being scolded, too,
For lots of things I didn't do;
But, Gee, I hate it when they say,
"Come, swallow this—an' right away."
Let poets sing about the joy
It is to be a boy.
I'll tell the truth about my case,
The poets here can have my place,
An' I will take a life of toil
If they will take my castor oil.

A Feller's Hat

EDGAR A. GUEST

It's funny 'bout a feller's hat—
He can't remember where it's at,
Or where he took it off, or when,
The time he's wantin' it again.

He knows just where he leaves his shoes ;
His sweater he won't often lose ;
An' he can find his rubbers, but
He can't tell where his hat is put.

A feller's hat gets anywhere.
Sometimes he'll find it in a chair,
Or on the sideboard, or maybe
It's in the kitchen, just where he
Gave it a toss beside the sink
When he went in to get a drink,
An' then forgot—but anyhow
He never knows where it is now.

A feller's hat is never where
He thinks it is when he goes there.
It's never any use to look
For it upon a closet hook,
'Cause it is always in some place
It shouldn't be, to his disgrace,
An' he will find it, like as not,
Behind some radiator hot.

A feller's hat can get away
From him most any time of day,
So he can't ever find it when
He wants it to go out again.
It hides in corners dark and grim
An' seems to want to bother him ;
It disappears from sight somehow—
I wish I knew where mine is now.

Bud Discusses Cleanliness

EDGAR A. GUEST

First thing in the morning, last I hear at night,
Get it when I come from school, "My, you look a sight ;
Go up stairs this minute, an' roll your sleeves up high
An' give your hands a scrubbing and wipe 'em till they're
dry,
Now don't stand there and argue, and never mind your
tears,
And this time please remember to wash your neck and
ears."

Can't see why ears grow on us, all crinkled like a shell,
With lots of fancy carvings that make a feller yell
Each time his ma digs in them to get a speck of dirt,
When plain ones would be easy to wash and wouldn't hurt,

And I can't see the reason why every time Ma nears,
She thinks she's got to send me to wash my neck and ears.

I never wash to suit her; don't think I ever will,
If I was white as sister, she'd call me dirty still,
At night I get a scrubbing and go to bed, and then
The first thing in the morning she makes me wash again.
That strikes me as ridiklus; I've thought of it a heap.
A feller can't get dirty when he is fast asleep.

When I grow up to be a man like Pa, and have a wife
And kids to boss around, you bet they'll have an easy life.
We won't be at them all the time, the way they keep at me,

And kick about a little dirt that no one else can see.
And every night at supper time as soon as he appears,
We will not send our boy away to wash his neck and ears.

The Fidgets

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

I'm got th' fidgets; when I go t' bed,
(I sleep wif Billy), I ist scratch my head
An' squirm around an' git th' covers mixed
Till Billy says, "Aw, goo'ness sakes, git fixed."
An' when I try t' tell him how it was,
He says, "Aw, I'll git up an' slap your jaws."

I wake up in th' night most froze t' deff
An' hear Bill sayin' fings under his breff.
'Cause somehow all th' cover's on the floor,
An' Bill says he won't sleep wif me no more—
Dogged if he will, an' when he swears that way,
I freaten 'at I'll tell our ma next day.

Nen Billy he ist helps me snuggle down,
An' tells me I'll be nicest boy in town
Ef I shouldn't tell, an' when I say, "I won't"
He grits 'is teef an' says, "You better don't."
If theys a fidget doctor anywhere
I'm goin' t'see him, if my ma don't care.

The Crooked Window Pane

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

I been an' had the measles an'
My mommy kep' me in.
She said I might go blind, she did,
An' never see agin'.
So I ist stayed an' stayed an' stayed
An' never cared a grain,
Cause I had fun a-lookin' froo
Our crooked winder pane.

One way I bent my head an' looked,
Our fence was awful tall;
An' when I moved an' looked some more
'Twas hardly there at all,
'Nen stoopin' lower, I c'd make
A treetop touch the sky—
'Nen lookin' froo th' uver place,
'Twas ist two inches high.

An' people—they wuz funniest fings;
For when they hurried past
They all wuz tall and slim at first,
An' dumpy at th' last,
I'd holler out an' laugh my best,
Till they'd look back to see,
An' nen go on, a-wonderin',
How they had tickled me.

My mommy is the best I guess,
'At any boy has had;
For when I told her my new game,
She says, "All right, my lad."
An' when I'd show'd her ist what place
Out on the grassy plot,
She fed my kitten an' my pup
Right on that very spot.

If ever I have little boys,
An' live in some big town,
An' they come home all hot an' sick,
An' measles gets 'em down,
I'll have it fixed beforehand,
So they'll never care a grain,
Cause ev'ry winder in my house
Must have a crooked pane.

The Scapegoat

(SELECTED)

If anybody comes in late
To dinner and don't shut the gate,
Or doesn't sweep the porch or go
Right out and shovel off the snow,
Or bring in wood, or wipe his feet,
Or leave the woodshed nice and neat,
It's me.

If anybody doesn't think
To carry out the cow a drink,
Or tracks mud on the kitchen floor,
Or doesn't shut the cellar door,
Or leaves the broom out on the stoop,
Or doesn't shut the chicken coop,
It's me.

If anybody doesn't bring
The hammer in or breaks a thing,
Or dulls the ax, or doesn't know
What has become of so and so,
That's lost for maybe six weeks past,
If anybody had it last,
It's me.

If anything is lost or gone
They've got someone to blame it on,
I get the blame for all the rest
Because I am the littlest;
And if they have to blame someone
For what is or what isn't done,
It's me.

The Moo-Cow-Moo

EDMUND VANCE COOK

My pa held me up to the moo-cow-moo
So clost I could almost touch,
En I fed him a couple of times, or two,
En I wasn't a fraid-cat much.

But ef my papa goes into the house,
En mamma, she goes in, too,
I just keep still, like a little mouse,
Fer the moo-cow-moo might moo!

The moo-cow-moo's got a tail like a rope
En it's raveled down where it grows,
En it's just like feeling a piece of soap
All over the moo-cow's nose.

En the moo-cow-moo has lots of fun
Just swinging his tail about;
En he opens his mouth and then I run
'Cause that's where the moo comes out.

En the moo-cow-moo's got deers on his head
En his eyes stick out o' their place,
En the nose o' the moo-cow-moo is spread
All over the end of his face.

En his feet is nothing but finger-nails
En his mamma don't keep 'em cut,
En he gives folks milk in water-pails
Ef he don't keep his handles shut.

'Cause ef you er me pulls the handles, why
The moo-cow-moo says it hurts,
But the hired man he sits down clost by
En squirts, en squirts, en squirts!

"On the Judgmunt Day"

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

That Jim Young's a mean old thing,
What you think he done?
He knocked my alley out the ring
'N' grabbed it up 'n' run.
An' it wasn't keepses, like he says it was,
'Cause keeps is wicked gamblin'; he knows it, too, he
does.
Why'd he run away for, if he thought tuz fair?
He's a mean, old cheater, now, but I don't care.
He'll git ketched up sometime where he can't run way;
An' he'll git a lickin' on the Judgmunt Day.

"What you laughin' at? It's so.
If you're bad er naughty!
Guess my mother ought to know,
'N' she tol' me 'n' Tottie
Not to tell no stories, ner to say bad things,

Ner hook the groc'ry apples, ner to pull flies' wings,
Ner b' unpolite to comp'ny, ner walk the railroad ties,
Ner to fight—espechly fellers not yer size,
Ner never go a-swimmin', 'less she says we may
Er we'd git a lickin' on the Judgment Day.

“Joey Smith, he's orful bad;
He's much badder'n me.
'Cause he's a stealer! Oncet he had
Two bird-nests from our tree.
An' the little 'cheepses,'—course they couldn't fly,
Jus' was lef' there, nakid, on the groun' to die.
I was jus' as mad as ever I could be.
I'd a-killed that feller! But he's bigger'n me.
I don't care. He'll ketch it. 'N' so'll Grace 'n' Nell,
'Cause they tol' I whispered, 'n' they oughtent tell.
'N' I was kep' at recess, so's I couldn't play;
But teacher'll git a lickin' on the Judgment Day.

“If I'm good as sugar, say!
Wun't I have the fun,
Watchin' other chaps that day
When the lickin's done?
Gee! I'll do it. I'll try to allus 'use the mat,'
Keep the ten commandments, never plague the cat.
Take good care of Tottie, not play games too rough,
Be like grannie tells me, 'n' if that ain't good 'nough,
I'll jus' walk up, yessir, up to God 'n' say,
'I'm here to take my lickin,' on the Judgment Day.”

Somebody Did

(SELECTED)

Somebody stood right up on the top of a chair,
An' reached in the cookie jar away up there,
Nobody's lookin' and manima's asleep,
An' all of us children were playin' Bo-peep.
Nowhere near the pantry and tryin' to get,
Some cookies and someway the jar upset.
An' my! it busted all over the floor.
Ist a sight, but John he isn't scared and he wrapped on
the door,
And says, “Ma, just come and see what Somebody did,”
While all of us children we runned off and hid,
Cuz we don't know who did it, but Somebody did.

Poems of Worth

Somebody crawled up in a big, leather chair,
By the library table at stood over there,
When we were a playin', no one was near the ink,
And mamma was sewing, an' what do you think?
Somebody upset it an' knocked it ist
Right off the table and down,
An' my, it ist busted an' runned everywhere,
On our very best rug ist a sight!
But John he isn't scared, he runned right up stairs, an
he said,
"Ma, come and see what Somebody did."
But all of us children we runned off and hid,
Cuz we don't know who did it but Somebody did.

And once when the kitchen floor was all scrubbed so clean
The floor was ist so shiny as ever you seen,
And we was all playin' out down in the street,
Somebody went in with the muddiest feet,
And tracked it all over the floor ist a sight,
An' my! when we saw it, we ist shook with fright.
Cuz none of us children had been near it all day,
But John, he isn't scared he went right away,
And he knocked on the window, an' he says,
"Ma, come and see what Somebody did."
An' all of us children we runned off and hid,
Cuz we didn't do it but Somebody did.

Piller Fights

D. A. ELLSWORTH

Piller fights is fun, I tell you,
There isn't anything I'd rather do
Than get a big piller and hold it tight,
Stand up in bed and then just fight.

Us boys allers have our piller fights
And the best night of all is pa's lodge night.
Soon as ever he goes we say "Good night,"
Then go right upstairs for a piller fight.

Sometimes maybe ma comes to the stairs
And hollers up, "Boys, have you said your prayers?"
And then George will holler "Yes, mamma," for he always
has,
Good deal of preacher about George, pa says.

Ma says, "Pleasant Dreams" and shuts the door,
If she's a-listenin' both of us snore,
But as soon as ever she goes we light a light
And pitch right into our pillow fight.

We play that the bed is Bunker Hill,
And George is Americans, so he stands still.
But I am the British so I must hit
As hard as ever I can to make him get.
We played Buena Vista one night,
Tell you that was an awful hard fight.

Held up our pillers like they was a flag,
An' hollered, "Little more grape-juice, Captain Bragg."
That was the night that George hit the nail,
You just ought to have seen those feathers sail.

I was covered as white as flour,
Me and him picked them up for most an hour;
Next day when our ma saw that there mess
She was pretty mad you better guess.

And she told our pa and he just said,
"Come right on out to this here shed."
Tell you he whipped us till we were sore
And made us both promise to do it no more.

That was a long time ago, and now lodge nights
Or when pa's away we have piller fights.
But in Buena Vista George is bound
To see there aren't any nails anywhere 'round.

Piller fights is fun, I tell you,
There isn't anything I'd rather do
Than get a big piller and hold it tight,
Stand up in bed and then just fight.

A Besetting Sin

EDMUND VANCE COOK

I shan't be bad no more, I shan't, I'm goan to be real good;
I heard a preacher-man an' he said **everybody could**;
Ef they jus' kep' a-tryin' and a-tryin' day by day.
An' if they didn't try they'd go—some place I mustn't say,

Er mother says I mustn't, 'nd so of course I shan't,
Don't see why preachers say it if other fellers can't!
(But I'm a-goan to be real good, I shan't pull pussy's tail,
Ner tie our nice, old Nodie to a pasty, old tin pail.)

Like I did once when Tommy Johnson said I didn't dast:
I'd like to fix the feller, but my wicked days is past!
I shan't get mad when baby sucks the paint off all my
blocks,
Ner spend a cent pa gives me fer the missionary box.

I'm goan to be a martire an' I shan't be bad one speck;
Ain't even goan to cry when mother makes me wash my
neck.

Most martire fellers wasn't much, why, any circus man'll
Cuff them lions 'round an' do it just as slick as Dan'l.

Aunt Becky thinks it's somethin' great to live in sacks 'nd
ashes,

I think that's fun! An' hair-cloth shirts, I bet they had
the rashes,

'Nd wore them shirts to scratch 'em, of course that Jony
feller

Inside that great, big whale, all dark like 'way down-in-
our-cellar.

He had a heap of spunk, he had, but I just told Aunty
Beck,

He didn't allus have to go and wash his dog-gone neck.
That's goan to be the worstest thing an' orful hard, I
know,

But I'm dissolved to do it if I do hate it so.

It's funny hatey things is good, but I suppose it's true,
An' things you like is mostly things you hadn't ought
to do.

An' water's cold, er if it's hot, it's so blamed hot it's
scaldy,

And sides, it wets yer collar all around yer Garrybaldy,

An' runs all down yer back, an' then the soap gets in yer
eyes,

Because the towel ain't where it was, and then some-
times I cries,

But I shan't cry no more though, p'r'aps I'll want to, I
expec',

But when I'm growed, I ain't a goan to neber wash my
neck!

But now I'm goan to do it, till I'm old enough, at last,
To know what things I dassent do, an' other things I dast.
An' if I have a little boy, as course I will, I 'spec',
I bet you forty dollars I'll never make him wash his neck.

Daisy's Faith

(SELECTED)

Down in de b'ight, deen meadow, de pitty daisies home—
Daisies dat are my namesake, mamma has let me tome,
S'e said dat s'e tould see me from her yoom window dere,
Besides, I know our Fadder will teep me in his tare.

Oh, see how many daisies, daisies so white an' fair,
I'll make a weaf for mamma to wear upon her hair.
An' den s'e'll loot so pitty, my darlin' own mamma!
An' tiss her 'ittle Daisy an' s'ow it to papa.

One-two-fee sits an' 'leven, hun'ded, an' eight, an' nine,
I b'ieve dat's mos' enough now to mate it pitty fine.
I wouldnt be af'aid here, manma an' Dod tan see,
I know dey would let nossin' tome near dat tould hurt me.

De bweeze is soft and toolin' an' tosses up my turls,
I dess it tomes from heaven to play wis' 'ittle dirls.
De birdies sin' so sweetly, to me dey seem to say,
"Don't be afraid, dear Daisy, Dod teeps 'oo all de day."

I'll mate a ball for baby soon as dis weaf is done,
An' den I'll fow it at her—oh, dear, my fead's all gone,
Well, den I'll take dis wibbon, off my old st'aw hat,
I sinks manma would let me, I'll—oh, dear me, what's
dat?

I sought I did hear somesin' move in dat bus' close by,
I's not at all af'aid dough, oh, no, indeed not I.
Mamma, why, she's not lootin', she's f'om de window
don';
Den maybe Dod is tired too, 'tause I 'taid here so long.

I dess I'll yun a 'ittle I b'ieve Dod wants me too,
He tat tate too muts t'ouble; I sint I'd better do,
An' tate my pitty f'owers, an' tay wis mamma dear,
Dod is way up in de heaven, I would like someone near.

My daisies, dey are fallin', my han's are so s'atin' so,
Oh, dear, de weaf's all boten, don't tare, I want to do.
I know dere's somesin' live dere see, now dere's two, bid
eyes,
A lootin' right st'aight at me, Dod's way up in the sties.

Tan he tate tare of Daisy? I see a drate, blat head,
A tomin' foo de bus'es, but, dere, I'm not af'aid.
O'ny—I want my mamma—I dess dat is a bear,
Bears eat up 'ittle chillun, I wis' dat Dod was here.

Ow! Ow! I tant help stweamin', oh, dear I's so af'aid,
Tome mamma, oh, tome twitly, to help 'oor 'ittle maid,
Dod has fordot 'oor Daisy dat bear is tomin' fast,
Why 'tis our dear old Yover tome home f'om town at
last.

O' Yover, dear ole dordy, what made you fwight—well,
no,
I'm not a'faid, for, Yover, Dod tares for me you know.
He would let nossin' hurt me; dere's mamma lootin' too
We'll mend dat weaf, now, Yover, mamma will lite it so.

Little Joe's Flowers

(SELECTED)

Prop your eyes wide open, Joey,
For I've brought you sumpin' great
Apples? No, but something better!
Don't you take no interest? Wait!

Flowers, Joe—I knew you'd like 'em—
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
There—poor, little Joe—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
Each one climbin' from a pot.

Every bush had flowers on it—
Pretty? Mebby not! Oh, no!
Wish you could a-seen 'em growin'
It was such a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor fellow,
Lysin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
And I puts on lots o' cheek.

"Missus," says I, "if you, please, mum,
Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus—
Never seed one I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
How I bringed you up, poor Joe!
(Lackin' women folks to do it,)
Such a 'imp you was, you know.

'Till yer got that awful tumble,
Just as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too) to earn yer livin'
Blackin' boots fer honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
So's you couldn't hyper much—
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
For the first time with yer crutch.

"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
'Pears to weaken every day."
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'
That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
You is quite yourself tonight!
Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnight
Since yer eyes have been so bright.

Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it,
Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe,
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never seed the country, did you?
Flowers growin' everywhere!
Sometime when you're better, Joey,
Mebbe I kin take you there.

Flowers in Heaven? M—I 'spose so,
Dunno much about it, though!
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewhere,
That in Heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful—
B'lieve that's what the Bible states.

Likewise, there folks don't get hungry,
So good people when they dies,
Finds themselves well fixed forever—
Joe, my boy, wot ails your eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler,
Oh, no, don't you have no fear;
Heaven was made for such as you is—
Joe, wot makes you look so queer?

Here, wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
Joe, my boy! Hold up your head!
Here's your flowers, you dropped 'em, Joey!
Joey! Can it be that Joe is dead?

Title Index

A

	Page
About Ben Adam.....	77
Afterglow.....	39
Alla for Rosa.....	145
All's Well That Ends Well.....	141
America for Me.....	33
Annabel Lee.....	45
Answer of America.....	45
Apple Blossoms.....	73
Arbor Day Tree, An.....	216
Arrow and the Song, The.....	66
At the Zoo.....	240
Autumn Leaves.....	184
Aux Italiens.....	82

B

Barabara Frietchie.....	50
Barefoot Boy, The.....	52
Besetting Sin, A.....	257
Be the Fellow That Your Mother Thinks You Are.....	99
Between Two Loves.....	142
Billy He's In Trouble.....	148
Bill Mason's Bride.....	102
Blue and the Gray, The.....	55
Bluebird, The.....	205
Boy's Conclusion, A.....	238
Boyless Town, The.....	236
Breathes there a Man With Soul so Dead.....	68
Bud Discusses Cleanliness.....	250
Bugle Song, The.....	41
Builders, The.....	32
Building of the Ship, The.....	3
Burial of Poor Cock Robin, The.....	203

C

Candle-Lightin' Time.....	224
Castor Oil.....	249
Chicken's Mistake, The.....	212
Chile Harold.....	3
Children's Hour, The.....	169
Christmas.....	194
Christmas Bells.....	62
Christmas Kid, A.....	231
Christmas Song, A.....	198
Cock Robin and Jenny Wren.....	200
Columbus.....	75
Come Away Comrades.....	216
Cookin' Things.....	239
Crooked Window Pane, The.....	252
Crossing the Bar.....	41
Counting Daisy Petals.....	103
Cow, The.....	161

D

	Page
Da Farmer.....	140
Daffodils, The.....	81
Daisy's Faith.....	259
Daybreak.....	56
Day is Done, The.....	64
Dead Doll, The.....	232
De Captaine of De "Marguerite".....	126
De Cirque at Ol' Ste. Anne.....	125
Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery, The.....	4
Dolly's Complaint.....	234
Doll's Wooing, The.....	228
Duel, The.....	174

E

Easter Time, At	215
Encouragement.....	139

F

Faries Tea Party, The.....	217
Family Group, The.....	156
Fellar's Hat, A.....	249
Fidgets, The.....	251
Finnegin to Flannigan.....	155
First Snow Drop, The.....	214
First Snowfall, The.....	49
Flower of Mending, The.....	36
Flag Goes By, The.....	173
Fool and the Little Court Lady, The.....	101
Foreign Children.....	161
Four Little Clouds.....	213
Frost, The.....	190

G

Grandma Pays the Bill.....	242
Growing Indignity, The.....	243
Gunga Din.....	28

H

Habitant, The.....	120
Hamlet's Soliloquy.....	23
Hang Up the Baby's Stocking.....	193
Harbinger, The.....	145
Heart of a Seed, The.....	214
Her Folks and Hiz'n.....	150
He Wasn't In It.....	131
Hiawatha's Childhood.....	170
Hiawatha's Wooing.....	57
Highwayman, The.....	113
His New Brother.....	221
Hired Man Says, The.....	158
Home.....	110
How Did You Die.....	71
House By the Side of the Road, The.....	92
House with Nobody in It, The.....	38
How the Leaves Came Down.....	184
Hullo.....	109
Hum Um Not Me.....	111
Hurrah for the Flag.....	167

I

Page

If	30
If For Girls, An	148
If I Can Be By Her	151
If I Should Die To-night	153
If I Was Er Horse	241
Independence Bell	69
In Flanders Fields	45
In My Father's House	93
Inn that Missed Its' Chance, The	91
In the Morning	136
In the Usual Way	134

J

Jane Jones	227
Janitor's Child, The	235
Jersey Cow, The	159
Jest 'Fore Christmas	230
Jim Bludsoe	80
Just for a Girl	100

K

Kentucky Philosophy	131
---------------------	-----

L

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, The	74
Laughing Chorus, A	199
Leap for Life, A	76
Lily's Ball	209
Little Boy Blue	79
Little Brown Baby	137
Little Joe's Flowers	260
Little Kittens, The	191
Little Orphant Annie	180
Little Snowflakes	189
Lochinvar	47
Lonley Honeymoon, The	133
Lost Baby, The	244

M

Ma and the Auto	247
Mammy's Pickaninny	220
Man	25
Mandalay	26
Man's a Man for A' That, A	67
Marjery Gray	105
Me an' Pap an' Mother	154
Mercy	25
Mia Carlotta	142
Minuet, The	223
Mon Pierre	116
Moo-Cow-Moo, The	253
Money Musk	96
Mother O' Mine	25
Mrs. Lofty and I	77
Mrs. Malone and the Censor	158

	Page
My Master.....	87
My Shadow.....	162
My Ships.....	35
My Sore Thumb.....	241

N.

National Flag, The.....	5
Naughty Zell.....	237
Necklace of Pearls, The.....	65
New Patriot, The.....	147
Night Cometh, The.....	88
Night Wind, The.....	175
Nobility.....	42
Nolan's Speech.....	4
North American Indians.....	6
November.....	43

O

O Captain! My Captain!.....	48
October's Bright Blue Weather.....	187
October's Party.....	188
Old Front Gate, The.....	138
Old Sweetheart of Mine, An.....	98
O Little Town of Bethlehem.....	196
One, Two, Three.....	163
Only One Mother.....	181
On the Judgment Day.....	254
Opportunity.....	54
Ould Plaid Shawl, The.....	130
Our Hired Girl.....	179
Owl and the Pussy Cat, The.....	172

P

Patchwork Quilt, The.....	226
Pessimist, The.....	152
Pillar Fights.....	256
Planting the Tree.....	217
Poet and His Song, The.....	44
Poor Little Clouds.....	213
Practising Time.....	248
Pussy Willows.....	207

Q

Quarrel in the Oven, A.....	208
-----------------------------	-----

R

Raggedy Man, The.....	178
Raining.....	183
Reputation.....	24
Ring Out Wild Bells.....	40
Robert of Lincoln.....	211
Roofs.....	37

S

Sandman, The.....	165
Scrapegoat, The.....	253
Seein' Things.....	229

	Page
September	186
Seven Ages of Man, The	24
Shopping for Sleep	166
Signs of the Times	135
Sister's Best Fellow	221
Sittin' By the Fire	153
Smack in School, The	133
Smile	35
Soap	242
Solitude	34
Somebody Did	255
Somebody's Mother	72
Song	66
Spider and the Fly, The	167
Spring Song, A	199
Spring Song	210
Squirrel's Arithmetic, The	187
Star-Spangled Banner, The	68
Sugar Plum Tree, The	176
Suppose	164
Swinging in the Grape-vine Swing	100

T

Thanatopsis	36
Thanksgiving Day	190
They Didn't Think	181
Three Little Chestnuts	189
Three Little Trees	216
Tillie Olson	147
Time Enough	185
Tin Gee-Gee, The	123
Tit for Tat	112
Trees	37
Turkey's Dream, The	149

V

Verses of Friendship and Faith	31
Visit from St. Nicholas, A	194
Village Blacksmith, The	63

W

Was You Ever Spanked	240
Washington's Birthday	218
Water Mill, The	89
Weaving of the Flag, The	162
What the Choir Sang about the New Bonnett	95
When the Minister Comes to Tea	245
When We Haven't Said Our Prayers	225
When Earth's Last Picture is Painted	30
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night	197
Who Stole the Bird's Nest	205
Wiggly Waggly Polliwog, The	246
Wild White Rose, The	86
Wind, The	160
Wishes	146
Wishes and Work	208

	Page
Wonderful Weaver, The.....	192
Wynken Blynken and Nod.....	177

Y

Year's at the Spring, The	208
Your Flag and My Flag.....	78

Index of Authors

	Page
Amsbary, Wallace Bruce	
De Captaine of De "Marguerite"	126
De Cirque at Ol' Ste. Anne.....	125
Mon Pierre.....	116
Beecher, Henry Ward	
National Flag, The.....	5
Bennett, Henry Holcomb	
Glag Goes By, The.....	173
Bliss, Paul	
When We Haven't Said Our Prayers.....	225
Brooks, Philipps	
O Little Town of Bethlehem.....	196
Browning, Robert	
Year's At the Spring, The.....	208
Bryant, William Cullen	
Robert of Lincoln.....	211
Thanatopsis.....	36
Bunner, H. C.	
One Two Three.....	163
Burns, Robert	
Man's a Man for A' That, A.....	67
Byron, Lord	
Childe Harold.....	3
Cape, Fred	
Tin Gee-Gee, The.....	123
Cary, Alice	
Nobility.....	42
November.....	43
Carey, Phoebe	
Chicken's Mistake, The.....	212
They Didn't Think.....	181
Suppose.....	164
Childs, Lydia M.	
Thanksgiving Day.....	190
Who Stole the Bird's Nest.....	205
Chamberlain, Arthur	
Smile.....	35
Col on, Walter	
Leap for Life, A.....	76
Cooke, Edmund Vance	
Besetting Sin, A.....	257
How Did You Die.....	71

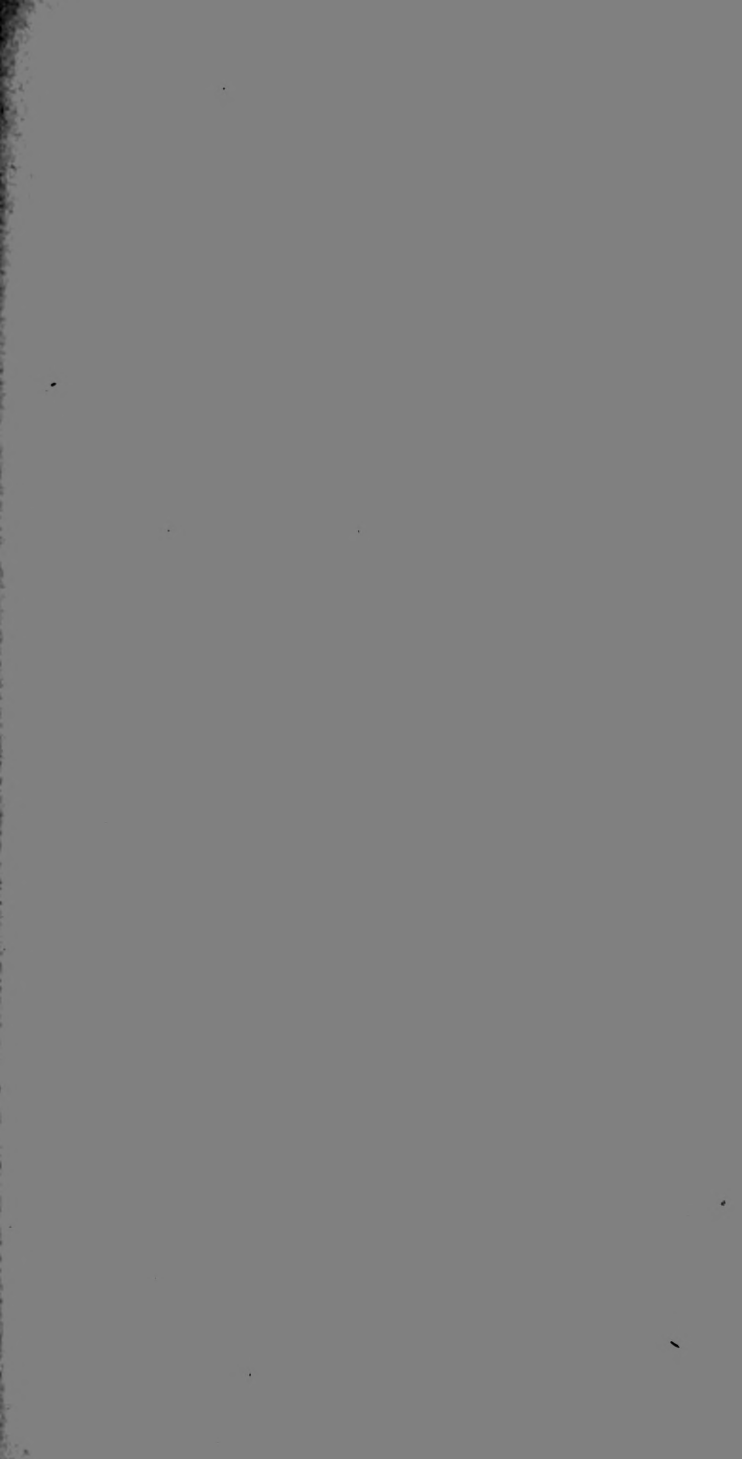
	Page
Moo-Cow-Moo, The.....	253
On the Judgment Day.....	254
Cooper, George	
Autumn Leaves.....	184
Only One Mother.....	181
Wonderful Weaver The.....	192
Cox, Lytton	
Counting Daisy Petals.....	103
Weaving of the Flag, The.....	162
Daly, T. A.	
Alla of Rosa.....	145
All's Well That Ends Well.....	141
Between Two Loves.....	142
Da Farmer.....	140
Mia Carlotta.....	142
Harbinger, The.....	145
Lonely Honey Moon, The.....	133
New Patriot, The.....	147
Wishes.....	146
Dana, Julai M.	
First Snow Drop, The.....	214
Deland, Margaret	
While Shepherds Watched.....	197
Dodge, Mary Mapes	
Minuet, The.....	223
Driver, Grace L.	
Planting the Tree.....	217
Drummond, William Henry	
Habitant, The.....	120
Dunbar, Paul Laurence	
Candle-Lightin' Time.....	224
Encouragement.....	139
In the Morning.....	136
Little Brown Baby.....	137
Old Front Gate, The.....	138
Poet and His Song, The.....	44
Signs of the Times.....	135
Ellsworth, D. A.	
Pillar Fights.....	256
Field, Eugene	
Doll's Wooing, The.....	228
Duel, The.....	174
Jest 'Fore Christmas.....	230
Little Boy Blue.....	79
Night Wind, The.....	175
Seein' Things.....	229
Sugar Plum Tree, The.....	176
Wynken Blynken and Nod.....	177
Finch, Francis Miles	
Blue and the Gray, The.....	55

Foss, Sam Walter	Page
House by the Side of the Road, The	92
Hullo	109
Gillilan, Strickland W.	
Crooked Window Pane, The	252
Family Group, The	156
Fidgets, The	251
Finnigan to Flannigan	155
Me an' Pap an' Mother	154
Gould, Hannah F.	
Frost, The	190
Guest, Edgar A.	
Bud Discusses Cleanliness	250
Castor Oil	249
Feller's Hat, A	249
Home	110
Ma and the Auto	247
Mrs. Malone and the Censor	158
Practising Time	248
Ha'e, Edward Everett	
Nolan's Speech	4
Harrison, Robertson	
Kentucky Philosophy	131
Harte, Bre	
Bill Mason's Bride	102
Hay, Joh	
Jim Bludsoe	80
Hemans, Felecia	
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, The	74
Howitt, Mary	
Spider and the Fly, The	167
Hunt, Leigh	
Abou Ben Adham	77
Jackson, Helen Hunt	
September	186
October's Bright Blue Weather	187
Jenkins, Lucy Dean	
Mammy's Pickaninny	220
Johnson, Burges	
Cookin' Things	239
If I was Er Horse	241
My Sore Thumb	241
Soap	242
Was You Ever Spanked	240
Keys, Francis Scott	
Star Spangled Banner, The	68
Kilmer, Joyce	
House with Nobody in It, The	38
Roofs	37
Trees	37

King, Ben	
Jane Jones.....	227
Her Folks and His'n.....	150
If I Can Be by Her.....	151
If I Should Die To-night.....	153
Pessimist, The.....	152
Kipling, Rudyard	
Gunga Din.....	28
If.....	30
Mandalay.....	26
Mother O' Mine.....	25
When Earth's Last Picture is Painted.....	30
Lear, Edward	
Owl and the Pussy Cat, The.....	172
Lillard, R. W.	
Answer of America.....	45
Lincoln, Abraham	
Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery, The.....	4
Lincoln, Joe	
His New Brother.....	221
Sister's Best Fellow.....	221
Lindsay, Vachel	
Flower of Mending, The.....	36
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth	
Arrow and the Song, The.....	66
Children's Hour, The.....	169
Christmas Bells.....	62
Daybreak.....	56
Day Is Done, The.....	64
Hiawatha's Childhood.....	170
Hiawatha's Wooing.....	57
Necklace of Pearls, The.....	65
Village Blacksmith, The.....	63
Loveman, Robert	
Raining.....	183
Lowell, James Russel	
First Snowfall, The.....	49
Lytton, Robert Bulwer	
Aux Italiens.....	82
Martin, George	
Apple Blossoms.....	73
McCrae, John (Lieut. Co.)	
In Flanders Fields.....	45
Miller, Emily H.	
Bluebird, The.....	205
Miller, Joaquin	
Columbus.....	75
Morgan, Angela	
Afterglow.....	39
More, Clement C.	
Visit from St. Nicholas, A.....	194

Morrison, M. T.	Page
What the Choir Sang About the New Bonnett.....	95
Nesbit, Wilbur D.	
Growing Indignity, A.....	243
Your Flag and My Flag.....	78
Noyes, Alfred	
Highwayman, The.....	113
Otis, Elizabeth	
If for Girls, An.....	148
Palmer, W. P.	
Smack in School, The.....	133
Peo, Edgar Allan	
Annabel Lee.....	45
Price, Natalia Whitted	
Patchwork Quilt, The.....	226
Richards, Laura E.	
Easter Time, At.....	215
Riley, James Whitcomb	
Little Orphant Annie.....	180
Old Sweetheart of Mine, An.....	98
Our Hired Girl.....	179
Raggedy Man, The.....	178
Sangster, Margaret	
Washington's Birthday.....	218
Scott, Walter 'Sir)	
Breathes There a Man With Soul So Dead.....	68
Lochinvar.....	47
Opportunity.....	54
Shakespeare, William	
Hamlet's Soliloquy.....	23
Man.....	25
Mercy.....	25
Reputation.....	24
Seven Ages of Man.....	24
Smith, Hubbard T.	
Swinging in the Grape Vine Swing.....	100
Smith, Olive F.	
Come Away Comrades.....	216
Sprague, Charles	
North American Indian, The.....	6
Stevenson, Robert Louis	
Cow, The.....	161
Foreign Children.....	161
My Shadow.....	162
Wind, The.....	160
Tate, Nahun	
Christmas.....	194
Tennyson, Alfred	
Crossing the Bar.....	41
Ring Out Wild Bells.....	40

Vanderfrift, Margaret	Page
The Sand Man.....	165
Van Dyke, Henry	
America for Me.....	33
Builders, The.....	32
Verses of Friendship and Faith.....	31
Ward, Lydia A. C.	
Christmas Song, A.....	198
Wells, Amos R.	
Inn that Missed It's Chance, The.....	91
Wells, John D.	
Hired Man Says, The.....	158
Whittier, John Greenleaf	
Barbara Frietchie.....	50
Barefoot Boy, The.....	52
Whitman, Walt	
O Captain! My Captain.....	48
Widdemer, Margaret	
Song.....	66
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler	
My Ships.....	35
Solitude.....	34
Willis, Ellen H.	
Wild White Rose, The.....	86
Wordsworth, William	
Daffodils, The.....	81











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